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The

Christian Armor

With Selections.

THE

CHRISTIAN ARMOR.

WITH

Illustrative Selections

IN

PROSE AND POETRY.

Take unto you the whole Armor of God. — Eph. 6 : 13.

BOSTON:

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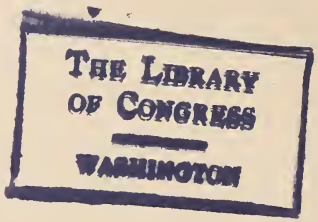

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PREFACE.

TO aid the Christian in that conflict which all who bear the name of Christ must wage, is the object of this volume. "If," says Stowell, "we are soldiers of the cross, we must be harnessed for the battle. An unarmed warrior is the sport of his foes. Where, then, are the weapons of our warfare? The Captain of our salvation has furnished them for his followers, — weapons of heavenly temper, armor of perfect proof. How exquisite its texture! How complete its parts! There are accouterments for the whole inward man. No member lacks its piece.

We must therefore take to us the whole armor of God, 'that we may be able to stand in the evil day.' But, to do so, we must be acquainted with our arms, know their use, and learn how to wear and wield them."

The very spirited illustrations here given are copied from drawings made for one of the volumes of the London Religious Tract Society, by John Gilbert, one of the most eminent artists in England. The articles accompanying them are from various authors, whose names are appended.

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Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:
That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Stand, then, against your foes,
In close and firm array;
Legions of wily fiends oppose
Throughout the evil day;

But meet the sons of might,
And mock their vain design,
Armed in the arms of heavenly light,
Of righteousness divine.

Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole.
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

Pray without ceasing, pray,
Your Captain gives the word;
His summons cheerfully obey,
And call upon the Lord:
To God your every want
In instant prayer display;
Pray always; pray, and never faint:
Pray without ceasing, pray.

Wesley.

The Helmet.

The Helmet.

And for a Helmet, the Hope of Salvation.—1 Thess. 5 : 8.

OF all kinds of armor, a strong defense for the head was, unquestionably, the most common, and perhaps the most early. The shield and the helmet have, indeed, formed the only defensive armor of some nations. When men began to feel the need of a defense for the head in war, they seemed, in the first instance, merely to have given a stronger make to the caps which they usually wore. Such caps were at first quilted or padded with wool; then they were formed with hard leather, and ultimately of metal, in which state they gradually acquired various additions and ornaments, such as embossed figures, ridges, crests of animal figures, horse-hair, feathers, etc., and also flaps to protect the neck and cheeks, and even visors to guard the face. Visors do not, however, appear to have been used by the ancient orientals, nor do we know of any helmet but that of the

Phrygians, with a ridge or crest. When the dress, or at least the war-dress, of ancient people consisted of skins, it was frequently the custom for the wearer to cover his head with the head-skin of the animal; and long after other dress was adopted for the body, it remained the custom of several nations to wear, as a war-cap or helmet, the skin of an animal's head, with the hair on, and in every other respect as life-like as possible. The head-skins of lions, wolves, horses, and other animals sufficiently grim in their appearance, and with hides of suitable strength, were preferred for this purpose; and the terrible effect of this head-dress was increased by the teeth being exposed so as to appear grinning savagely at the enemy. Now when such people began to find that more convenient war-caps might be invented, they were unwilling to forego the effect which their savage helmets produced, and therefore fixed the animal's head, and ultimately a representation of it, as conveniently as they could, to the top of their new war-cap.

Even the skins of large birds and fishes were employed in the same manner, and we have thus an easy explanation not only of the crest but of the erect ears, horns, wings, etc., which we see in ancient helmets. The horse-hair which was anciently, and is still, displayed in helmets admits of the same explanation. It arose from the custom of wearing the head of a horse with the mane remaining, either proper or cut short so as to stand erect like hog's bristles; the tail also being annexed. The Ethiopians and Libyans had horse-head helmets. Their Egyptian neighbors gave up animal heads for helmets, but continued them as crests; the crests of the royal hel-

met, among that people, being, according to Diodorus, the heads of the horse, lion, or dragon. Now Herodotus says that the Greeks borrowed tneir helmets, as well as their shields, from the Egyptians. But those we have mentioned were far from being the only people who had animal-head helmets.

Of the Hebrew helmets, called *coba*, or *koba*, we only know that they were generally of brass, and that the helmet of the king was distinguished by its crown. It is however interesting to learn that metallic helmets were, so far as appears, exclusively in use among them. Homer's heroes have also, generally, helmets of brass. Whether the Hebrews had crests to their helmets or not it is impossible to say distinctly. We do not think that the crest was a characteristic of oriental helmets; but as the royal helmet in Egypt had a crest, as the helmets of Asia Minor were sometimes crested, and as, in the Trojan war, a crested helmet was worn by the Trojans, and also, it would seem, by the Greeks, it is not unlikely that the crest was known to the Jews. Plumes we are not to expect; they were not used in the most ancient periods, and but sparingly in later antiquity.

Kitto.

Our engraving exhibits the extremes of form observed in the contrivance of this piece of defensive armor. In the Arab chief it appears as a thickly-quilted handkerchief, bound round the temple with a fillet of colored cords; and in the Greek warrior as a massive and highly-ornamented scull cap, capable of protecting the head against the heaviest saber wounds.

Hope, our Helmet.

Hope prepares us for conflicts. A man armed with an helmet feels himself ready for battle; he fears not to meet his adversary, because he has a defense which, he trusts, will prove sufficient for his preservation. Thus a man that has a hope of salvation enters into combat with holy confidence. He is not intimidated by the frowns of an ungodly world, because he knows whom he has believed, and that God is able to keep that which is committed to him. He says, with David, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear; though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

There is not a more ornamental part of the soldier's armor than the helmet, nor is there any thing that more adorns the Christian than a lively, steadfast, and consistent hope. In the exercise of hope he stands, as it were, on the top of Pisgah, and surveys the land of promise, the land that floweth with milk and honey. He longs to leave this dreary wilderness, and to enter into the joy of his Lord. Knowing that when his earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved, he has "an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," he groans, earnestly desiring that mortality may be swallowed up of life. If he had crowns and kingdoms in his possession, still he would account it far better to depart and to be with Christ. He is "looking for, and hasting unto the coming of the day of God," and thus has his conversation in heaven, while yet he remains a sojourner upon earth. View the Christian

in this frame, and confess that the sun shining in his meridian strength, glorious as it is, has no glory, by reason of the Christian's "glory that excelleth." This, this, Christian, is the state in which you ought to live. Were you more habitually in this frame, your years of warfare would seem nothing for the greatness of the prize for which you contend. You can scarcely conceive what an energy such a frame would give to your souls. You would soon come to Jesus with joy and wonder, like his disciples of old, saying, "Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name;" and he, in return, would increase your confidence by saying, "I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven. Behold I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you." Do but consider how weak will Satan's temptations be when you thus abound in hope! How little will any thing be able to move you when you are thus, by joyful anticipation, sitting already with Christ in heavenly places! Beloved brethren, this is your perfection; you will "come behind in no gift" when you are thus "waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Whatever you have to do, you will do it heartily "as to the Lord and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance." May God enable you thus to live till faith shall be lost in sight and hope be consummated in enjoyment!

Simeon.

The Christian's Hope.

What is our hope? A helmet bright,
Which, placed upon our head,
Protects it in each fearful fight,
And turns the arrows sped
By evil hands, by ghostly foes,—
The enemies of Faith's repose.

What is our hope? An anchor sure
That heavenly skill doth form,
Whereby our vessel rides secure
Though tossed by many a storm;
Nor need the seaman's courage fail,
Since it is cast within the vail.

What is our hope? A gentle dove,
Which, while the sky is dark,
Spreads its fair wings and mounts above,
But soon re-seeks its Ark;
Bearing some token in its bill
That peace and joy await us still.

What is our hope? The child of faith,
The nurse of charity,
Which flings its radiance over death,
And soothes each laboring sigh,
To which the various woes of earth
Within the pilgrim's breast give birth.

What is the object of our hope?
What is the promise given
By that which thus the soul bears up?
A heritage in heaven,
Too bright and firm to fade away,
And Christ himself our trust and stay.

Elliot.

Hope thou in God.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Our God is good; in every place
His love is known, his help is found,
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.
Easier than we think can he
Turn to joy our agony;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
He who can earth and heaven control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.
Love him! He will surely send
Help and joy that never end.
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
Let earth and heaven, outworn with age,
  Sink to the chaos whence they came;
Let angry foes against us rage,
  Let hell shoot forth his fiercest flame;
Fear not death nor Satan's thrusts,
God defends who in him trusts;
Soul, remember in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

God liveth ever!
Wherefore, soul, despair thou never!
What though thou tread with bleeding feet
  A thorny path of grief and gloom,
Thy God will choose the way most meet
  To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.
For this life's long night of sadness
He will give thee peace and gladness;
Soul, forget not in thy pains,
God o'er all for ever reigns.

Lyra Germanica.

Battle Hymn of Gustavus Adolphus.

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
  Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints?
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
  Lasts but a little hour.

Be of good cheer; your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
  Leave it to him, our Lord.
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
  To save us and his word.

As true as God's own word is true,
Not earth nor hell, with all their crew,
  Against us shall prevail.
A jest and by-word are they grown;
God is with us, we are his own,
  Our victory can not fail.

Amen! Lord Jesus, grant our prayer;
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare;
  Fight for us once again!
So shall the saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to thy praise,
  World without end. Amen!

The Anchor within the Vail.

Amid the shadows and the fears
That overcloud this home of tears;
Amid my poverty and sin,
The tempest and the war within,
  I cast my soul on thee,
  Mighty to save even me,
  Jesus, thou Son of God!

Drifting across a sunless sea,
Cold, heavy mists encurtaining me;
Toiling along life's broken road,
With snares around and foes abroad,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Mine is a day of fear and strife,
A needy soul, a needy life,
A needy world, a needy age;
Yet in my perilous pilgrimage
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

To thee I come; ah, only thou
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
Thou, only thou, canst make me whole,
And soothe the fever of my soul;
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

On thee I rest; thy love and grace
Are my sole rock and resting-place;
In thee my thirst and hunger sore,
Lord, let me quench for evermore.
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

'Tis earth, not heaven; 'tis night, not noon;
The sorrowless is coming soon;
But till the noon of love appears,
Which ends the travail and the tears,
I cast my soul on thee,
Mighty to save even me,
Jesus, thou Son of God!

Bonar.

Hope of Heaven.

What is that hope which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unasked? *Rich hope of boundless bliss;*
Bliss past man's power to paint it; time's to close.
This hope is earth's most estimable prize;
This is man's portion while no more than man.
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears, and transport has her death
Hope, like a cordial, innocent though strong,
Man's heart at once inspirits and serenes;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys.
'Tis all our present state can safely bear;
Health to the frame and vigor to the mind,
A joy attempered, a chastised delight;
Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet;
'Tis man's full cup, his paradise below.

Young.

Words of Cheer.

Drooping art thou in the service
Of thy loved and loving Lord?
Do thy hands, thy feet, oft falter?
Listen to this cheering word:

To the faint God giveth power,
To the weak, increaseth strength,
And they that wait on him shall mount
Up on eagle wings at length.

They shall run and not be weary,
They shall walk and shall not faint.
Such the promise of thy Father,
"Weary, yet pursuing" saint

Hope Triumphant.

Hope, with uplifted foot, set free from earth,
Pants for the place of her ethereal birth;
On steady wings sails through the immense abyss,
Plucks amaranthine joys from bowers of bliss,
And crowns the soul while yet a mourner here
With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.
Hope, as an anchor, firm and sure, holds fast
The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.

Cowper.

The Coat of Mail.

Coat of Mail.

By the Armor of Righteousness on the right hand and on the left.

2 Cor. 6:7.

WHEN men had realized a means of protecting their heads by strong caps and helmets, they naturally began soon to think of extending the same protection to other parts of the body. It would be absurd to suppose that every nation adhered to the same rule of progression; but it may perhaps be stated as a general rule, with large variations, that the progressive kinds of armor were: — 1. The skins of various animals, and even, in some countries, of birds and fishes. 2. Hides, mats, wood; linen or woolen, padded or folded; strong twisted linen. 3. Leather, bordered with metal. 4. Entire plates of metal; but as these were heavy and inflexible, various contrivances were resorted to in order to obtain the security which metal gives, without its rigidity and without all its weight. For this purpose, the leather was covered with

square pieces of metal riveted on, or else embossed pieces of metal were fastened on so as to protect the more important parts of the person, and to serve at once for ornament and use. Sometimes, also, the defense was formed of bands, or hoops of metal, sliding over each other, and therefore yielding to the motions of the body. 5. We then come to what is properly mailed armor, by which a higher degree of flexibility was obtained than a metallic covering might be supposed capable of affording. This armor was of several kinds. Leather, linen, or woolen was covered with rings or with scales. The rings were of various kinds or sizes, and variously disposed. Sometimes they were fixed independently of each other; in other instances the rings were twisted into each other, like the links of a chain; and in some cases the rings were set edgewise, as shown in the Egyptian hauberks which Denon copied from the walls of Karnak, and which, in Sir S. Meyrick's opinion, affords the earliest known specimen of this kind of armor. Scale armor was that which obtained the same effect by arranging small pieces of metal, cut into the shape of leaves, scales, etc., in such a manner that they fell over each other like the feathers of a bird or the scales of a fish. This kind of armor had grown into extensive use long before it was adopted by the Romans, who regarded it as a characteristic of barbarians, — that is, of any nations except themselves and the Greeks. In the time of the emperors, they were, however, led to adopt it from the Dacians and Sarmatians. This scaled armor was not, however, always of metal, for the last named people had none such. They were without proper metals, and therefore they collected the hoofs

of horses, and, after purifying, cut them into slices, and polished the pieces, so as to resemble the scales of a dragon, or a pine cone when green. These scales they sewed together with the sinews of horses and oxen; and the body-armor thus manufactured, was, according to Pausanias, not inferior to that of the Greeks either in elegance or strength. The Emperor Domitian had, after this model, a cuirass of boars' hoofs stitched together; and this, indeed, would seem better adapted to such armor than the hoofs of horses. With such armor as this of scales, or indeed that of rings, every part of the body might be covered; and, accordingly, we see figures covered with a dress of scale, ring, or chain armor, from head to foot, and even mounted on horses, which have the whole body, to the very hoofs, clad in the same manner. The construction of such mailed armor had been brought to a state of astonishing perfection. In some instances, particularly in scale armor, we see figures covered completely in suits fitted to the body with consummate accuracy, and displaying not only the shape of the wearer, but even the muscular parts of the person, — that is to say, the armor was so flexible that it yielded readily to the pressure of the muscles and to the various motions of the body. Now Goliath's "coat of mail" was of scales, and affords the most ancient specimen of scaled armor on record.

Kitto.

The scaled suits of Dacia have been chosen for the engraving, as best calculated to display an early as well as complete "coat" of body-armor. It will be observed that the horse, like the rider, is clad in garments of mail.

The Christian must be in complete armor, in regard of the several pieces and weapons that make up the whole armor of God. Indeed there is a concatenation of graces; they hang together like links in a chain, stones in an arch, members in the body. Prick one vein, and the blood of the whole body may run out at that sluice; neglect one duty, and no other will do us good. It is not enough to have grace, but this grace must be kept in exercise. The Christian armor is made to be worn; no laying down or putting off our armor till we have done our warfare and finished our course. Our armor and our garments of flesh go off together; then, indeed, will be no need of watch and ward, shield or helmet. Those military duties and field graces, — as I may call faith, hope, and the rest, — they shall be honorably discharged. In heaven, we shall appear, not in armor, but in robes of glory; but here they are to be worn both night and day; we must walk, work, and sleep in them, or else we are not true soldiers of Christ. This Paul professeth to endeavor (Acts xxiv. 16), "Herein do I exercise myself, to have always a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men." Here we have this holy man at his arms, training and exercising himself in his postures, like some soldier by himself, handling his pike and inuring himself before the battle.

Gurnal.

A general must confide in his army fully as much as his army confides in him; for as they can not move to advantage without an experienced head to guide them, so neither can he succeed in his plans unless he have a

brave and well-appointed army to carry them into execution. It is not thus in the Christian army: there, all the confidence is in the General alone. He must not only train his soldiers, and direct them in the day of battle, but he must be with them in the battle, shielding their heads, and strengthening their arms, and animating their courage, and reviving them when faint, and raising them when fallen, and healing them when wounded, and, finally, beating down their enemies, that they may trample them under their feet.

Simeon.

To be possessed of courage is not the only requisite for a good soldier; he must be skilled in the use of arms; he must be acquainted with those stratagems which his adversaries will use for his destruction; he must know how to repel an assault, and how, in his turn, to assault an enemy; in short, he must be trained to war. Nor will his knowledge avail him any thing unless he stand armed for the combat. Hence the apostle, having encouraged the Christian soldier, and having inspired him with confidence in the Captain of his salvation, now calls him to put on his armor, and by a skillful use of it to prepare for the day of battle.

But how shall we get this armor, and how shall we put it on? To obtain it we must go to the armory of heaven, and receive it from the Captain of our salvation. No creature in the universe can give it us. He and he only who formed it can impart it to us.

Ibid.

Tauler.

Tauler, the preacher, walked one autumn day,
Without the walls of Strasburg, on the Rhine,
Pondering the solemn Miracle of Life,
As one who, wandering in a starless night,
Feels, momently, the jar of unseen waves,
And hears the thunder of an unknown sea
Breaking along an unimagined shore.

And as he walked he prayed, — even the same
Old prayer with which, for half a score of years,
Morning, and noon, and evening, lip and heart
Had groaned: "Have pity on me, Lord!
Thou seest, while teaching others, I am blind;
Send me a man who can direct my steps!"

Then, as he mused, he heard along his path
A sound as of an old man's staff among
The dry, dead linden leaves; and, looking up,
He saw a stranger, weak, and poor, and old.
"Peace be unto thee, father!" Tauler said;
"God give thee a good day." The old man raised
Slowly his calm blue eyes. "I thank thee, son;
But *all* my days are good, and none are ill."
Wondering thereat, the preacher spake again;
"God give thee happy life!" The old man smiled:
"I never am unhappy!"

Tauler laid
His hand upon the stranger's coarse, gray sleeve:

"Tell me, O father, what thy strange words mean.
Surely man's days are evil, and his life
Sad as the grave it leads to." "Nay, my son;
Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs; for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike
Our thanks are due, since that is best which is;
And that which is not, sharing not His life,
Is evil only as devoid of good.
And for the happiness of which I spake,
I find it in submission to his will,
And calm trust in the holy trinity
Of Knowledge, Goodness, and Almighty Power."

Silently wondering, for a little space,
Stood the great preacher; then he spake as one
Who, suddenly grappling with a haunting thought
Which long has followed, whispering through the dark
Strange terrors, drags it, shrieking, into light:
"What if God's will consign thee hence to hell?"
"Then," said the stranger, cheerily, "be it so.
What hell may be I know not; this I know, —
I can not lose the presence of my Lord;
One arm, Humility, takes hold upon
His dear Humanity; the other, Love,
Clasps his Divinity. So where I go
He goes; and better fire-walled hell with him
Than golden-gated Paradise without."

Tears sprang in Tauler's eyes. A sudden light,
Like the first ray that fell on chaos, clove

Apart the shadow wherein he had walked
Darkly at noon. And, as the strange old man
Went his slow way, until his silver hair
Set like the white moon where the hills of vine
Slope to the Rhine, he bowed his head and said,
"My prayer is answered. God hath sent the man
Long sought, to teach me, by his simple trust,
WISDOM the weary schoolmen never knew."

So, entering with a changed and cheerful step
The city gates, he saw, far down the street,
A mighty shadow break the light of noon,
Which tracing backward till its airy lines
Hardened to strong plinths, he raised his eyes
O'er broad façade and lofty pediment,
O'er architrave, and frieze, and sainted niche,
Up the stone lace-work chiseled by the wise
Erwin of Steinbach, dizzily up to where
In the noon brightness the great minster's tower,
Jeweled with sunbeams on its mural crown,
Rose like a visible prayer.
"Behold!" he said,
"The stranger's faith made plain before mine eyes!
As yonder tower outstretches to the earth
The dark triangle of its shade alone
When the clear day is shining on its top;
So, darkness in the pathway of man's life
Is but the shadow of God's providence,
By the great Sun of Wisdom cast thereon;
And what is dark below is light in Heaven."

J. G. Whittier.

Now.

Rise! for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you,
Each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future,—
Of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honor — God grant it may!
But your arm will never be stronger
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! if the past detains you,
Her sunshine and storms forget;
No chains so unworthy to hold you
As those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifeless for ever,
Cast her phantom arms away,
Nor look back but to learn the lesson
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise! for the day is passing;
The sound which you scarcely hear

Is the enemy marching to battle;—
Arise, for the foe is here!
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,
Or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle,
You may wake to find it past!

A. A. Proctor.

Be Strong in the Lord.

"Be strong in the Lord and the power of his might,"
He leads through the desert, still guiding aright;
Complain not though weeds o'er thy wilderness spread,
And dark may the cloud be that hangs o'er thy head.

Remember the word to the faithful of old:—
"I will help, I will strengthen, yea, I will uphold;
The right arm of my righteousness, that is thy stay,
My love is thy pole-star by night and by day.

"I chose thee before earth's foundations were laid;
An infant, a sufferer, for thee I was made;
I hung on a cross, and I lay in a grave,
The souls of my chosen to bless and to save.

"Unfailing my promise, eternal my love,
And firm is the throne that awaits thee above;
I am ready to give thee a welcome, and thou,
My trembler, what sayest thou? Answer me now."

Oh, what is the answer? I lie at thy feet;
I cling to thy promise, thy words I repeat;
Convinced of my sin, self-accused, self-abhorred,
Yet never despairing, for thou art my Lord.

The Lord will conduct by a way yet unknown,
And seat me at last by his side on his throne;
The Lord hath redeemed, and he never will lose
The soul that he died thus to pardon and choose.

Safe, safe to eternity, waiting awhile,
Upheld by thy power, and refreshed by thy smile;
Each moment the nearer my home in the skies,
Each moment the louder let praises arise.

Emra.

Knowledge and Wisdom.

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft-times no connection. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
Knowledge, a rude, unprofitable mass,—
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,—
Till smoothed, and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber what it seems to enrich!
Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

Cowper.

Knowledge gained through Love.

'Tis not the skill of human art
That gives me power my God to know;
The sacred lessons of the heart
Come not from instruments below.

Love is my teacher. He can tell
The wonders that he learned above;
No other master knows so well;—
'Tis love alone can tell of love.

Oh, then, of God if thou wouldst learn,
His wisdom, goodness, glory, see,
All human arts and knowledge spurn;
Let love alone thy teacher be.

Love is my master. When it breaks
The morning light with rising ray,
To thee, O God, my spirit wakes,
And love instructs it all the day.

And when the gleams of day retire,
And midnight spreads its dark control,
Love's secret whispers still inspire
Their holy lessons in the soul.

Madame Guyon.

The Breastplate.

The Breastplate.

Having on the breastplate of righteousness. — Ephesians 6 : 14.

THE breastplate is a piece of defensive armor to protect the heart. There is no question that this was the most ancient piece of armor for the protection of the upper portion of the body. When men began to extend to that the protection which the helmet had given to the head, a defense for the breast was naturally the first thing desired and attempted. This was the principal use of the *thorax*, which for a long time continued to be, under various modifications of form, the sole body-armor of ancient nations, and which, under further modifications, was used, in addition to other pieces of armor subsequently introduced. It probably originated with the Egyptians, among whom, according to Meyrick, it was the only body-armor, — a position to which we apprehend that some exceptions must be allowed. It hung over the breast and shoulders in the manner of a tippet, and was made of linen, several times folded, and quilted in such a manner as to resist

the point of a weapon. These linen pectorals came into extensive use among the neighboring nations, and those of Egyptian manufacture were particularly valued. A linen thorax of this kind seems to have been worn in the Trojan war by the lesser Ajax, who

"with a guard
Of linen texture light his breast secured."

Sir Samuel Meyrick thinks that the Persians were the first who gave a metallic character to the thorax; and it is also his opinion that it was the principal piece of body armor among the Hebrews.

Kitto.

In the engraving the Egyptian form of boss-covered tippet is given, as the earliest known representation of a military breastplate.

The Christian's Breastplate.

Why are Righteousness and Holiness compared to the breastplate? There is a two-fold use that the soldier makes of, and benefit he receives from, this armor. First, the breastplate preserves the principal part of the body, and that is the breast, where the very vitals of men are closely couched together, and where a shot or a stab is more deadly than in other parts that are remote from the fountain of life. A man may outlive many

wounds received in the arms or legs; but a stab in the heart, or other vital parts, is the certain messenger of death approaching. Thus Righteousness and Holiness preserve the principal part of a Christian, — his soul and conscience. We live or die spiritually, yea, eternally, as we look to our souls and consciences. It is not a wound in estate, credit, or any other worldly enjoyment, that kills us in this sense. These touch not, hazard not the Christian's life, any more than the shaving of the beard or the paring of the nails do the man's; spiritual vitals are seated in the soul and conscience; it must be a spiritual dagger that stabs these; and that only is sin which is said to "hunt for the precious life." (Prov. vi. 36.) This is the dart that strikes the young man through the liver, who hasteth to his lust as the bird to the snare, "and knoweth not that it is for his life." (Prov. vii. 23.) Now righteousness and holiness defend the conscience from all wounds and harms from sin, which is the weapon Satan useth to give the conscience its deadly stab.

Secondly. The breastplate, by defending this principal part, emboldens the soldier and makes him fearless of danger, and that is as necessary in fight as the other; it is almost all one for an army to be killed or cowed. A dead soldier, slain upon the place, will do, in a manner, as much good as a dead-hearted soldier that is dismayed with fear; his heart is killed while he is alive; and a naked breast exposeth the unarmed soldier to a trembling heart; whereas, one otherwise cowardly, having his breast defended with a plate of proof, will more boldly venture upon the pikes. Thus, righteousness, by defending the conscience, fills the creature with courage in the face of

death and danger; whereas guilt, which is the nakedness of the soul, puts the stoutest sinner into a shaking fit of fear.

Look thou keepest thy breastplate on, Christian. Need we bid the soldier be careful of his armor when he goes into the field? Can he easily forget to take that with him, or be persuaded to leave that behind him? Yet some have done so, and paid dear for their boldness. Better thou endure the weight of thy plate, though a little cumbersome to the flesh, than receive a wound in thy breast for want of it. Let this piece fall off and thou canst keep none of the other on. If thou allowest thyself in any unholiness, thy sincerity will presently be called in question in thy conscience.

Gurnall.

By righteousness, we understand that true and universal holiness which is characteristic of conversion, and constitutes that divine image after which we are renewed. Now this, though nearly allied to sincerity, differs materially from it. Sincerity relates to the aims and motives of a person, but righteousness to his actions and habits. Righteousness is that in actual attainment which sincerity is in desire and purpose. Righteousness cannot exist without sincerity; but sincerity may, and often does, exist without righteousness, because it may be found in blind zealots and bloody persecutors.

Simeon.

Do Right.

Awake, O soul! thy hours are fleeting;
Thy life is rapidly completing:
Time with eternity is meeting;
Soon comes the night.
Thy retribution, too, will come;
According to thy deeds, thy doom.
Do right, do right.

Though clouds thy firmament o'erspread,
And tempests burst around thy head;
Though life its greenest foliage shed
In sorrow's blight;
And though thy holy hopes and fears
Lie buried 'neath the gathering years,—
Do right, do right.

The warring elements' worst wrath,
The earthquake and the whirlwind's breath,
The valley and the shade of death,
Need not affright;
For Duty's calm, commanding form,
With rainbow arms shall clasp the storm.
Do right, do right.

Faint not in all the weary strife,
Though every day with toil be rife:
Work is the element of life;
Action is light:

For man is made to toil and strive,
And only those who labor live.
Do right, do right.

Life is not all a fleeting dream,
A meteor flash, a rainbow gleam,
A bubble on the floating stream,
Soon lost to sight;
For there's a work for every hour,
In every passing word a power.
Do right, do right.

Oh! life is full of solemn thought,
And noble deeds, — if nobly wrought, —
With fearful consequences fraught;
And there is might —
If gathered in each passing hour —
That gives the soul unearthly power.
Do right, do right.

The Right must Win.

Oh! it is hard to work for God,
To rise and take his part
Upon this battle-field of earth,
And not sometimes lose heart.

He hides himself so wondrously,
As though there were no God:
He is least seen when all the powers
Of ill are most abroad.

Or he deserts us at the hour
The fight is all but lost,
And seems to leave us to ourselves
Just when we need him most.

Oh, there is less to try our faith,
In our mysterious creed,
Than in the godless look of earth,
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change
To ill with greatest ease;
And, worst of all, the good with good
Is at cross purposes.

The Church, the Sacraments, the Faith,
Their uphill journey take;
Lose here what there they gain; and, if
We lean upon them, break.

It is not so, but so it looks;
And we lose courage then;
And doubts will come if God hath kept
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;
His ways are far above,
Far beyond reason's hight, and reached
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion, of God's ways,
Love's lifelong study are:
She can be bold, and guess and act,
When Reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own;
Her step is firm and free:
Yet there is cautious science, too,
In her simplicity.

Workman of God! oh, lose not heart,
But learn what God is like;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh! blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when he
Is most invisible.

And blest is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!
Oh, learn to lose with God!
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee his road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,
Most strange in all its ways;
And, of all things on earth, least like
What men agree to praise.

As he can endless glory weave
From time's misjudging shame,
In his own world he is content
To play a losing game.

Muse on his justice, downcast soul!
Muse, and take better heart:
Back with thine angel to the field;
Good luck shall crown thy part.

God's justice is a bed where we
Our anxious hearts may lay;
And, weary with ourselves, may sleep
Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win:
To doubt would be disloyalty;
To falter would be sin.

Faber.

Strength.

"When I am weak, I'm strong,"
The great apostle cried.
The strength that did not to the earth belong
The might of Heaven supplied.

"When I am weak, I'm strong:"
Blind Milton caught that strain,
And flung its victory o'er the ills that throng
Round Age and Want and Pain.

"When I am weak, I'm strong,"
Each Christian heart repeats:
These words will tune its feeblest breath to song,
And fire its languid beats.

O holy strength, whose ground
Is in the heavenly land,
And whose supporting help alone is found
In God's immortal hand!

O blessed! — that appears
When fleshly aids are spent,
And girds the mind, when most it faints and fears,
With trust and sweet content.

Frothingham.

The Circle.

The Girdle.

Having your loins girt about with Truth. — Ephesians 6 : 14.

BELTS, or girdles, were often made of very precious stuffs. The virtuous wife made rich girdles, and sold them to the Canaanite or Phœnician merchants (Prov. xxxi. 34). These girdles were used in common both by men and women; but the women's are more frequently called *zonae* (Ezek. xvi. 10). We may judge of their value by the kings of Persia sometimes giving cities and provinces to their wives for the expense of their girdles. Our Lord appeared to John "with a golden girdle" (Rev. i. 13), noting the excellency of his ministry as Priest; and, in Rev. xv. 6, the seven angels who came out of the temple were clothed with linen, and girt about "with golden girdles."

The priest's girdle, or sash, was of several colors, — of gold, of blue, of purple, and scarlet, — and fine twined linen (Exod. xxviii. 4–8). Josephus says that the priests

wore it upon their breasts, under their arms; that a kind of flower-work was there represented, with threads of scarlet, purple, and hyacinth; that it went twice round the body, was tied before, and the ends hung down to the feet, to render the priests more venerable. When they were in the act of sacrificing, they threw this girdle over the left shoulder, that they might perform their office with the greater freedom.

The military girdle, or belt, of the Hebrews, did not come over the shoulder, as among the old Greeks, but was worn upon the loins; whence the following expression received its origin: "Every man had his sword girded by his side," or upon his loins (Neh. iv. 18). These belts were generally rich, and sometimes given as rewards to soldiers.

Cruden.

The girdle was of more importance with the thorax only, or with the short corslet, than with the cuirass, which covered the abdomen. It was a part of their armor on which the ancient warriors set high value. It was often richly ornamented; and the gift of a warrior's girdle to another was a testimony of the highest consideration. Thus it was not forgotten to state that Jonathan gave his girdle to David; and we read in the Iliad, vii. 305, that when Hector and Ajax exchanged gifts, in testimony of friendship, after a hard combat together, the latter presented the former with his girdle. It is often mentioned in Scripture; and from its use in keeping the armor and clothes together, and in bearing the sword, as

well as from its own defensive character, to gird and to arm are employed as synonymous terms.

Kitto.

A Roman general and a Persian prince furnish the examples given in the engraving. In the former, the girdle assumes the shape of a jeweled strap, buckled in front; in the latter, of a rich shawl swathed round the loins.

Truth, the Christian's Girdle.

Sincerity, or truth of heart, may fitly be compared to a girdle, in regard to the twofold use and end for which a girdle, especially the soldier's belt, is worn. First, The girdle is used as an ornament, put on uppermost to cover the joints of the armor, which would, if seen, cause some uncomeliness. Here (at the loins I mean) those pieces of armor for the defense of the lower parts of the body are fastened to the upper. Now, because they can not be so closely knit and clasped but there will be some little gaping between piece and piece, therefore they used to put over those parts a broad girdle that covered all that uncomeliness. Now, sincerity doth the same for the Christian that the girdle doth for the soldier. The saint's graces are not so close, nor his life so exact, but in the best there are not found infirmities and defects, which are as so many gapings and clefts in his armor; but sincerity covers all, that he is neither put to shame for them nor

exposed to danger by them. Secondly, The girdle was used for strength; by this the loins were stayed and united, and the soldier made stronger to fight or march; as a garment, the closer it sits the warmer it is; so the belt, the closer it is girt the more strength the loins feel; hence God, threatening to enfeeble and weaken a person or people, saith, "Their loins shall be loosened." "I will loose the loins of kings" (Isa. xiv. 1); and "He weakeneth the strength of the mighty" (Job xii. 21). He looseth the girdle of the strong. Now sincerity may well be compared in this respect to the soldier's girdle. It is a grace that doth gird the soul with strength, and makes it mighty to do or suffer. Indeed, it is the very strength of every grace. So much hypocrisy as is found cleaving to our graces, so much weakness. It is sincere faith that is the strong faith, sincere love that is the mighty love. Hypocrisy is to grace as the worm is to the oak, the rust to the iron; it weakens them because it corrupts them.

The second ground or reason of the metaphor is taken from the other use of the soldier's girdle, which is to strengthen his loins and fasten his armor, over which it goes, close to him, whereby he is able to march and strong to fight. Girding, in Scripture phrase, imports strength: "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle." "He weakeneth the strength of the mighty." In the Hebrew it is, "He looseth their girdle;" to which use of the girdle, sincerity doth bear a fit analogy. It is a grace that establisheth and strengtheneth the Christian in his whole course, as, on the contrary, hypocrisy weakens and unsettles the heart: "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." Gurnall.

The use of the girdle was to keep the armor compact, and to strengthen the loins; and these are the offices which truth performs for the Christian soldier. In the first place, it compacts all the graces with which his soul is armed. As the different parts of armor with which the body is fortified would hang loose, and leave many apertures through which a wound might be inflicted, if they were not fastened together by a belt, or girdle: so would the Christian's graces prove insufficient for his defense if they were not all compacted together by the girdle of sincerity.

The other office of truth is to strengthen our souls under great and long-continued conflicts. This particular use of the girdle is repeatedly mentioned by the psalmist. In reference to himself he says, "Thou hast girded me with strength unto the battle." In reference to the Messiah, also, he uses a similar expression: "The Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself."

Let us beg of God to put truth in our inward parts. Let us add to our faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, charity, and keep them all compact with the girdle of truth; then have we God's promise that we shall never fall. Through his grace, our integrity and uprightness shall preserve us. "Wherefore gird up the loins of your minds; be sober, and hope to the end."

Simeon.

Gird thy Loins.

Gird thy loins up, Christian soldier;
  Lo! thy Captain calls thee out:
Let the danger make thee bolder;
  War in weakness, dare in doubt.
Buckle on thy heavenly armor;
  Patch up no inglorious peace:
Let thy courage wax the warmer
  As thy foes and fears increase.

Bind thy golden girdle round thee,
  Truth, to keep thee firm and tight:
Never shall the foe confound thee
  While the truth maintains thy fight.
Righteousness, within thee rooted,
  May appear to take thy part;
But let righteousness imputed
  Be the breastplate of thy heart.

Hart.

Be Just, and Fear Not.

Speak thou the truth. Let others fence,
  And trim their words for pay;
In pleasant sunshine of pretense
  Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop;
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide,
We were not made to sit and dream;
The rough must first be tried.

Where God hath set his thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain:"
His path within, for those without,
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of his blessed Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half heard,
And by thine interests turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not the bushel down;
The smallest spark may send its beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth;
Failing to grasp his life's intent
Because he fears the truth!

Be true to every inmost thought,
And, as thy thought, thy speech:
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on!—thou hast the Rock;
The foes are on the sand:
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand.

While each wild gust the mist shall clear,
We now see darkly through;
And justified at last appear
The true, in HIM that's TRUE.

Bonar.

Be True.

Thou must be true thyself,
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow if thou
Another's soul wouldst reach:
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

Bonar.

The Shield and Buckler.

Shield and Buckler.

Above all, taking the Shield of Faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. — Eph. 6 : 16.

THE shield is unquestionably the most ancient and most general piece of defensive armor in the world. When it was first invented, we cannot say; but it is mentioned in the Bible long before helmets or other defensive armor. It is the only defensive armor mentioned in the books of Moses. The Egyptians, as usual, claim the honor of the invention; and, before it was discovered, men probably endeavored to break the force of blows by doing what Diodorus tells us the first kings of Egypt did, — investing their persons with the skins of lions and bulls. Among the means for this purpose, the superior convenience and efficacy of such a contrivance as a shield could not fail soon to occur to the mind; and, accordingly, there is hardly any nation in which the shield, in some form or other, is not employed.

Savages, who have not the least idea of such defenses as the helmet or cuirass, are yet seldom found without the shield.

There are three, if not four, sorts of shields mentioned in Scripture; or, at least, there are four names by which they are distinguished. The largest seems to be that called *tzinnah*, which was twice the size of the ordinary shield, as we learn from 1 Kings x. 16, 17, and 2 Chron. ix. 15, 16, where six hundred shekels of beaten gold were employed in the construction of the one, and three hundred shekels in the other. Formidable as this weight of metal for the *tzinnah* is, it probably does not give an approximating idea of its full weight, and still less of its size, as shields were almost never wholly of metal, but were of wood or skin, covered with metal. We may suppose the *tzinnah* to answer to the larger kind of shields which were used in ancient nations.

The length of these shields seems to show that they were either oblong or oval; and that they were hollow, which implies external convexity, we gather from their being described as enclosing or encompassing the body. Homer has such expressions, and so has David, "With favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield" (Ps. v. 12), which seems to prove the analogy in this respect.

The weight of the larger kind of shield rendered it so great an encumbrance to a person otherwise heavily armed, that persons of consideration had an attendant, whose principal business it was to carry the shield of his superior. And this he did, not merely when it was not wanted, but in action he sometimes marched before the warrior, to ward off the missiles which were aimed against

him. The warrior of course sometimes took it himself when in close action. David was Saul's armor-bearer. Jonathan's armor-bearer took a very active part in his master's exploit against the Philistine garrison (1 Sam. xiv. 7). Goliath had an armor-bearer who carried his great shield before him (1 Sam. xvii. 6, 7, 45).

Another Hebrew shield was the *magen*, which is the first that the Scripture mentions (Gen. xv. 1), and seems to have been that which was most commonly in use, being conveniently portable, and perhaps really more useful than the larger one; for, although it did not protect the whole person, it could be turned with facility toward a coming blow or missile. This kind of shield is generally mentioned in connection with arrows and swords; but the *tzinnah* with spears. It was about half the size of the latter, as we see that Solomon only appropriated three hundred shekels of gold for the manufacture of a *magen*, but six hundred for a *tzinnah*. Among the ancients, the lesser shield seems to have been always used by horsemen, and persons who fought in chariots, and occasionally by lightly-armed footmen.

The Hebrews must have had a considerable variety of shields; for, besides those two which occur most frequently, there are others of which we know nothing distinctly, but may infer that the different terms describe peculiarities of form and size. One of these is the *sohairah*, which, from the etymology, would seem to have been of a round form, which was and is a very common shape for the smaller kind of shields, and sometimes for the larger. It may well be taken as the type of the Roman shield called *parma*, a small round shield much used by

the cavalry and light-armed foot, and now very common in the East. Another is the *shelet*, which occurs only in the plural; and as it appears, from a comparison of parallel passages, to be sometimes used as synonymous with *magen*, we may infer that the former was essentially the same as the latter, with some small variation of make or ornament.

The materials of which shields were made were sometimes of wood, as they still are in barbarous nations. The larger Roman shields were composed of two planks glued together, and covered first with linen, and then with hide. The extreme edges, both above and below, were guarded with plates of iron, as well to secure the shield against the strokes of swords, as that it might, without injury, be rested on the ground. To the surface was likewise fitted a shell of iron, to turn aside the more violent strokes of stones, spears, or other ponderous weapons. But the ancient shields with which we are historically best acquainted were made wholly of bull's hide, doubled or tripled, or even more thickly folded.

These shields were often anointed and rubbed, to keep them in good condition and prevent cracking or injury from wet, as were also those of metal, to preserve them from rust, to which there are allusions in Scripture, as in 2 Sam. i. 21, 22; and in Isa. xxi. 5, "Arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield." These shields of skin had often a metallic border, to preserve the margin from injury. The hides were often plated and otherwise strengthened and ornamented with metal, most commonly brass, but often silver and gold.

But although shields for action were generally plaited

with metal, those entirely of metal were also known. Hadadezer had golden shields, which became the prey of David (2 Sam. viii. 7). Judging from the account of the famous shield of Achilles, we should suppose that the shields then used were not of a solid mass, but that their thickness was composed of several different plates of the same or different metal.

The mention of this shield leads us to notice the elaborate and costly ornamental work with which the higher class of shields were ornamented, and which, very probably, belonged to the golden shields of Solomon. There was, in fact, no part of their armor which the ancients prized so highly and took so much delight in ornamenting. They adorned its broad disk with all sorts of figures, — with birds, beasts, and the inanimate works of nature; with representations of their own or others' exploits; with historic scenes; with the picturesque circumstances of life, and with the effigies of gods and heroes. Like the gorgeous works in metal described by Spenser, they were

> "Wrought with wild antickes which their follies played
> In the rich metal as they living were."
>
> Kitto.

Our engraving shows a square form of a Roman shield, which the soldier wields in defense of a helpless woman and child; a purpose to which, in protective warfare, it was often devoted.

Faith, the Christian's Shield.

The shield is not for the defense of any particular part of the body, as almost all the other pieces are, — helmet, fitted for the head; plate, designed for the breast; and so others, they have their several parts, which they are fastened to, — but the shield is a piece that is intended for the defense of the whole body. It was used, therefore, to be made very large; for its broadness called a gate or door, because so long and large as in a manner to cover the whole body, to which that place alludes, "Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; with favor wilt thou compass him as with a shield." And if the shield were not large enough at once to cover every part, yet, being a movable piece of armor, the skillful soldier might turn it this way or that way, to catch the blow or arrow from lighting on any part they were directed to. And this indeed doth excellently well set forth the universal use that faith is of to the Christian. It defends the whole man; every part of the Christian by it is preserved. Sometimes the temptation is leveled at his head: Satan, he will be disputing against this truth and that, to make the Christian, if he can, call them in question, merely because his reason and understanding can not comprehend them; and he prevails with some that do not think themselves the unwisest in the world, upon this very account, to blot the deity of Christ, with other mysterious truths of the gospel, quite out of the creed. Now, faith interposeth between the Christian and this arrow. It comes in to the relief of the Christian's weak understanding as seasonably as Zeruiah

did to David, when the giant Ishbi-benob thought to have slain him.

Again, is it the conscience that the tempter assaults? (and it is not seldom that he is shooting his fiery darts of horror and terror at this mark.) Faith receives the shock and saves the creature harmless.

The shield doth not only defend the whole body, but is a defense to the soldier's armor also; it keeps the arrow from the helmet as well as head, from the breast and breastplate also. Thus faith; it is armor upon armor, a grace that preserves all other graces.

What need then the Christian load himself with more than this one piece? I answer, every piece hath its necessary use in the Christian's warfare; not any part of the whole suit can be spared in the day of battle. But the reason, I humbly conceive, why no particular effect is annexed severally to each of these, but all ascribed to faith, is to let us know that all these graces, their efficacy, and our benefit from them, is in their conjunction with faith, and influence they receive from faith; so that this is plainly the design of the Spirit of God to give faith the precedency in one case above the rest.

Faith, provided it be a true and living faith, receives the Word of God simply on the authority of Him that revealed it. It staggers not at any difficulties, either in the dispensations of his providence or the declarations of his grace. Conscious of man's inability to comprehend even the most common matters in the full extent, the believer submits his reason to God, and receives without gainsaying whatsoever Divine Wisdom has revealed. But faith is as useful to protect the heart as to defend the

head. As it obviates every difficulty that may perplex the understanding, so it wards off every thing that may intimidate or defile the soul. We may observe, in commendation of faith, considered as the Christian's shield, that its use is universal, its application is easy, and its success is sure. Simeon.

Hymn of Trust.

O Love Divine, that stopped to share
  Our deepest pang, our bitterest tear!
On thee we cast each earthborn care;
  We smile at pain while Thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
  And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread,
  Our hearts still whispering, Thou art near.

When drooping pleasures turn to grief,
  And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
  Shall safely tell us, Thou art near.

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
  O Love Divine, for ever dear,
Content to suffer, while we know,
  Living or dying, Thou art near!

O. W. Holmes.

Fidès.

By them went Fidès, marshal of the field:
Weak was his mother when she gave him day;
And he at first a sick and weakly child
As e'er with tears welcomed the sunny ray;
Yet when more years afford more growth and might,
A champion stout he was, and puissant knight,
As ever came in field or shone in armor bright.

So may we see a little lionet,
When newly whelped, a weak and tender thing,
Despised by every beast; but, waxen great,
When fuller times full strength and courage bring,
The beasts all crouching low their king adore,
And dare not see what they contemned before;
The humbling forest quakes at his affrighted roar.

Mountains he flings in seas with mighty hand;
Stops and turns back the sun's impetuous course;
Nature breaks nature's laws at his command;
No force of hell or heaven withstands his force:
Events to come yet many ages hence,
He present makes, by wondrous prescience;
Proving the senses blind, by being blind to sense.

His sky-like arms, dyed all in blue and white,
And set with golden stars that flamed wide;
His shield invisible to mortal sight,
Yet he upon it easily descried

The living semblance of his dying Lord,
Whose bleeding side with wicked steel was gored,
Which to his fainting spirits new courage could afford.

Strange was the force of that enchanted Shield,
Which highest powers to it from heaven impart:
For who could bear it well, and rightly wield,
It saved from sword and spear and poisoned dart;
Well might he slip and yet not wholly fall:
No final loss his courage might appall;
Growing more sound by wounds, and rising by his fall.

Phineas Fletcher.

God my Shield.

Sweete are thy testimonies, O my Lord,
Enriching vs with hope of bliss eternall:
Thy seruants, that depend vpon thy word,
Fear not the malice of the fiend infernall.

Thou art the Shield that doest protect from spoile
The humble sinner trusting in thine aide,
Whome maugre syn and hell thou doest assoile:
Thy greatnesse maketh not the meeke afraid.

Therefore the sinner penitent and sad —
The bruisèd reede — seekes thee in time of greife;
Thou hast the treasure that can make him glad:
With thee, O Lord, is plentifull releife.

Oh then, when I in trouble call to thee,
Or on my death-bed sue to thee for grace,
Heare mee from heaven (sweete Lord), and pitty mee,
And send me comfort from thy holy place;
That I nor faint nor doubt, but cheerly die,
Trusting to liue with thee eternallie.
Amen.

Ancient Devotional Poetry.

"It is I: be not Afraid."

When I sink down in gloom or fear,
Hope blighted or decayed,
Thy whisper, Lord, my heart shall cheer,—
"'Tis I: be not afraid!"

Or, startled by some sudden blow,
If fretful thoughts I feel,
"Fear not, it is but I!" shall flow
As balm my wound to heal.

Nor will I quit thy way though foes
Some onward pass defend;
From each rough voice the watchword goes,—
"Be not afraid!—a friend!"

And oh! when judgment's trumpet clear
Awakes me from the grave,
Still in its echo may I hear—
"'Tis Christ! He came to save!"

Lyra Apostolica.

Lord, I Believe.

"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."—Mark ix. 24.

Yes, I do feel, my God, that I am thine;
Thou art my joy,—myself mine only grief;
Hear my complaint, low bending at thy shrine,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Unworthy, even, to approach so near,
My soul lies trembling like a summer's leaf;
Yet, oh forgive! I doubt not, though I fear,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

True, I am weak, ah, very weak; but then
I know the source whence I can draw relief;
And though repulsed, I still can plead again,—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Oh draw me nearer; for, too far away,
The beamings of thy brightness are too brief;
While faith, though fainting, still have strength to pray—
"Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief."

Songs of the Night.

The Sword.

PEIRCE

The Sword.

And the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. — Eph. 6 : 17.

A CURIOUS and instructive chapter in the history of man is afforded by the history of warlike weapons. Swords of metal could by no means be the earliest, or one of the earliest, of those weapons which, in process of time, men devised for the purpose of defending themselves or offending others. Such an instrument as a sword can not well be of any thing but metal; and therefore a considerable advance in civilization, indicated by the existence of the art of working metals, must have been made before the sword was invented. Hence it is that swords and sabers have never been known to any but civilized or half-civilized nations; nothing of the kind being ever found among savages. Yet we see this weapon in the most remote ages known in Asia. It is, in fact, the most early weapon mentioned in Scripture. It was with the sword that Simeon and Levi did such terrible execution

in Shechem; and the patriarch Jacob mentions the sword and the bow as the weapons with which he defeated the Amorites (Gen. xlviii. 22). There is no doubt that the swords of the most ancient times were of brass, rather than copper. To speak of a copper sword may seem strange; but it is certain that copper was wrought long before iron, and applied to every domestic operation and warlike purpose for which metal is required.

The swords of the Greeks and Romans continued, in times long subsequent, to be of copper. Specimens also of swords of this metal, supposed to have belonged to the Phœnicians, and their descendants, the Carthaginians, have been dug up in various countries. Specimens found in Ireland, Cornwall, and elsewhere in countries known to these people, have been found to coincide with others dug up at Cannæ, where the Romans sustained their great overthrow, and which are supposed to have belonged to their conquerors.

As a general remark upon ancient swords, it may be observed that the swords of civilized nations were straight, and those of barbarians curved. The swords used by cavalry were long; but antiquity had no such thin-bladed swords as are in use in modern Europe. A guard for the fingers is also usually wanting in the most ancient swords. The Egyptian swords seem to have been cutting swords: one sort is straight, with a curved point, and reminds one of a carving-knife; another resembles a cimeter, or curved razor. There is also a sort of straight, tapering dagger, quite similar to one that is still used in Western Asia, but not so broad in the blade. These swords and daggers are usually represented with cords and tassels at the hilt.

Some sorts were straight, for cutting and thrusting; some, intended for cutting, were curved, and had the edge on the inner curve of the blade. The hilts were sometimes of ivory and gold, and occasionally guarded by a cross-bar. The Romans, when they relinquished brass and copper for the blade, retained it for the hilt. The Romans wore the sword on the right thigh, probably that it might not obstruct the free motion of the buckler; but, in ancient monuments, the soldiers are sometimes seen to wear them on the left side.

Kitto.

The engraving exhibits a fine example of the straight double-edged sword used by Greeks of distinction; and in the back-ground is shown the curved form of sword which first appears in the sculptures of Rome.

The Word of God.

The Christian's enemies are the world, the flesh, and the devil; and the Scripture enables him to defeat them, first, by its clear directions. Does the flesh plead for any unhallowed indulgence? the Scripture says, "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good." Does the world solicit his embrace? the Scripture says again, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world." Does Satan exert his wiles in order to deceive? the Scripture says, "Him resist." And it is worthy of

remark, that it was by means of the directions of Scripture that our Saviour himself vanquished his wicked adversary.

The Scripture aids us, in the next place, by its powerful motives. As for all the motives that reason can suggest, the experience of all ages has proved them weak and inefficient. But the Scripture sets before us the happiness of heaven and the miseries of hell, and thus, with irresistible efficacy, addresses itself to our hopes and fears. "He that overcometh shall inherit all things," saith the Lord; "but, if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him:" he "draws back into perdition." The Scripture gives us a further advantage over our enemies by reason of its rich encouragements. Not to mention the eternal rewards that have just been adverted to, the Scripture promises that God will be with us in every conflict, and beat down our enemies before our face. "Fear not," said he, "for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." "Fear not, thou worm Jacob;" for "thou shalt thresh the mountains." Now, what can withstand a man that is armed with such promises as these? What can oppose any effectual obstacle in his way? Are his enemies numerous? he says, They be more that are with me than they that are against me. Does he feel himself weak? he says, God will perfect his own strength in my weakness.

The last advantage which we shall mention, as derived from the Scripture, is that which it affords by means of its instructive examples. How can any one relax his deter-

mination to destroy sin, when he contemplates the destruction which sin has brought on those who yielded to its baneful influences? Can he despair that considers for one moment the case of David, of Manasseh, of the dying thief? Can he despair who sees the persecuting Saul arrested in his career, or who reads the catalogue of crimes of which the Corinthian converts had been guilty? It may be that he is induced to think there is something peculiar in his case, which justifies, in an extraordinary degree, his desponding fears. But when he hears that "no temptation can take him but that which is common to man," and then surveys that cloud of witnesses who were once conflicting like himself, but are now in heaven, attesting the power and faithfulness of a redeeming God, he can not but say, "Get thee behind me, Satan: thou wast a liar and a murderer from the beginning; and shall I credit thy lies to the disparagement of my God?"

In this way it was that the saints of old triumphed. "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord; awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old. Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon? Art thou not it which hath dried the sea, the waters of the great deep; that hath made the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over? Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion; and everlasting joy shall be upon their head: they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and mourning shall flee away." A completer triumph than this can not possibly be conceived. Yet thus will the Scripture enable us to triumph, if we duly mark the examples which it sets before us. Simeon.

The Bible.

Hast thou ever heard
Of such a book? The author, God himself;
The subject, God and man, salvation, life
And death, — eternal life, eternal death, —
Dread words, whose meaning has no end, no bound.
Most wondrous book! bright candle of the Lord!
Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely! only star which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows, still,
As generation, drifting swiftly by,
Succeeded generation, threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God —
The eternal hills — pointed the sinner's eye.

. . . . . .

This book, this holy book, on every line
Marked with the seal of high divinity,
On every leaf bedewed with drops of love
Divine, and with the eternal heraldry
And signature of God Almighty stamped
From first to last, — this ray of sacred light,
This lamp from off the everlasting throne,
Mercy took down, and in the night of Time
Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow;
And evermore beseeching men, with tears
And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live.

And many to her voice gave ear and read,
Believed, obeyed; and now, as the Amen,
True, faithful Witness sure, with snowy robes
And branchy palms, surround the fount of life,
And drink the streams of immortality,
For ever happy, and for ever young.

Pollok.

The Holy Scriptures.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of thy glory!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the story.

This verse marks that, and both do make a motion
Unto a third, that ten leaves off doth lie;
Then, as dispersèd herbs do make a potion,
These three make up some Christian's destiny.

Such are thy secrets, which my life makes good,
And comments on thee; for in every thing
Thy words do find me out, and parallels bring,
And in another make me understood.

Stars are poor books, and oftentimes do miss:
This book of stars lights to eternal bliss.

Herbert.

The Word of God.

Message from Heaven! I joy to receive thee;
Word of the Lord! I will ever believe thee;
Star of Redemption! I seek for thy ray;
Mandate of Mercy! thy words I obey.

Tidings of peace thou hast brought from above,
And thy pages unfold unlimited love:
Thy story and precept, thy promise and song,
Shall live in my heart, and burn on my tongue.

Companion and guide, instructor and friend,
Illumine my pathway till error shall end,
Till thy radiance shall fade 'mid eternity's blaze,
And thy song shall be lost in the seraphim's praise.

O Spirit of truth! eternal, divine!
I render thee thanks that this message is mine.

Anon.

The Guide.

What is the world? A wildering maze,
Where Sin has tracked ten thousand ways,
Her victims to insnare:
All broad and winding and aslope,
All tempting with perfidious hope,
All ending in despair.

Millions of pilgrims throng these roads,
Bearing their bawbles or their loads
Down to eternal night:
One humble path, that never bends,
Narrow and rough and steep, ascends
From darkness into light.

Is there a guide to show that path?
The Bible. He alone who hath
The Bible need not stray;
Yet he who hath, and will not give
That heavenly guide to all that live,
Himself shall lose the way.

Montgomery.

The War-Song of Gideon.

On, on, my companions! the foe in his camp
Rests secure, unsuspicious of danger:
Be our weapons the trumpet, the pitcher, the lamp;
For the Lord will be Israel's avenger.
Brave warriors and true,
There is conquest for you,
But disgrace for the cohorts of Midian:
While we gaze on the sight,
Be the watchword, to-night,
"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Wait, soldiers, in silence, while darkness shall shroud
Our course till the signal-word's spoken:
Then quick let each trumpet be sounded aloud,
And swift let each pitcher be broken.
Jehovah alone,
From his heavenly throne,
Shall scatter the forces of Midian;
And Israel shall shout,
On beholding the rout,
"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

The Sword of the Spirit.

His Sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper keen;
And double were the wounds it made
Where'er it smote between.

'Twas death to sin; 'twas life
To all that mourned for sin:
It kindled and it silenced strife;
Made war and peace within.

Montgomery.

The Spear.

The Spear.

The horseman lifteth up both the bright sword and the glittering spear.
Nahum 3:3.

SPEARS, as offensive weapons, are as ancient and universal as the shield is for defense. In fact, these two seem, of all others, to be the most general of offensive and defensive arms. The origin of a spear is very easily traced. A stick, sharpened at one end, and hardened in the fire, was probably the first spear, and continues to be the only offensive weapon of some savages. Attention would of course be directed to the improvement of its point, in order to render it a more complete instrument of destruction; and for this purpose horn, fish-bone, flints, etc., were employed, as they still are by the rude people to whom the use of metals is unknown. Brass, or rather copper, was, no doubt, the first metal used for this and other purposes; and it continued to be employed long after the use of iron was known.

We know little about the construction of the Hebrew spears; and in so simple an instrument nothing very peculiar is to be expected, as we find the same forms, with little variation, in nations the most remote from each other. Like other nations, the Hebrews seem to have had two kinds of spears: one a missile, to be discharged at the foe; and the other for giving thrusts. It would seem, however, that the same weapon was often made to serve both purposes on occasion, as it certainly did with Homer's heroes. They begin their combats by throwing their spears at each other; then each endeavors to recover the spear he has thrown, and falls to close onset. It is evident, that, in this case, a person who could not recover his own spear, would, in most instances, be able to secure that which had been thrown by the other; and as, no doubt, every one preferred his own weapon, there was, perhaps, an understanding between the combatants, that each should be allowed to recover his own, if both had been ineffectually thrown. It is else difficult to understand how it happens that the heroes so long retain possession of the same favorite spear, which they are continually throwing away.

Perhaps the most probable representation of the Hebrew spear is that still retained by the Arabs, and which serves both for thrusting, and for throwing to a short distance. It is about twelve feet long, with a pointed head of iron or steel. It is often quite plain; but sometimes it has two balls, or tufts of black ostrich feathers, as large as fists, placed at a short distance from each other, towards the top, the upper ball being fringed with short white ostrich feathers. These ornaments give the weapon a

rather elegant appearance. It is only thrown by an Arab to a short distance, and when he is sure of his aim; generally at a horseman which he is pursuing and can not overtake. To strike with the lance, he poises it for a time over his head, and then thrusts it forward; or else holds and shakes it at the hight of the saddle. A pursued Arab continually thrusts his lance backwards, to prevent the approach of the pursuer's mare, and sometimes kills either the pursuer or his mare by dexterously throwing the point of his lance behind. It will be observed that the weapon has, at the lower extremity, an iron spike, which alone is often sufficient for these purposes. The Hebrew spears were furnished in the same manner, and applied to exactly the same uses. Abner was pursued by the swift-footed Asahel, who would not be persuaded to desist. "He refused to turn aside: wherefore Abner, with the hinder end of the spear, smote him under the fifth rib, that the spear came out behind him; and he fell down there and died" (2 Sam. ii. 23). This spike at the lower end is intended for the purpose of sticking the spear into the ground when the warrior is at rest. This is a common custom in the East, and it was usual among the Hebrews. When Saul pursued David into the wilderness of Ziph, he is described as asleep in his encampment, with his "spear stuck in the ground at his bolster" (1 Sam. xxvi. 7). Kitto.

The ancient Egyptian and the modern Arabic spears — both of them were formidable weapons — are those shown in the engraving.

Courage.

The Christian, of all men, needs courage and resolution. Indeed, there is nothing he doth as a Christian, or can do, but is an act of valor. A cowardly spirit is beneath the lowest duty as a Christian. "Be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest"—what? stand in battle against those warlike nations? No; but "that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law which Moses, my servant, commanded thee." It requires more prowess, and greatness of spirit, to obey God faithfully than to command an army of men; to be a Christian than to be a captain.

There is no duty in a Christian's whole course of walking with God, or acting for God, but is lined with many difficulties which shoot like enemies through the hedges at the Christian whilst he is marching towards heaven; so that he is put to dispute every inch of ground as he goes. There are only a few noble-spirited souls, who dare take heaven by force, that are fit for this calling.

Gurnall.

He who is in Christ a new creature may rejoice in all the precious promises which God hath spoken in his holiness, and by his holy One, and may consider the whole ransomed inheritance as his own reversion; and the present privileges to which he is called, and the sanctifying and comforting influences of the Spirit which he experiences, are the sure earnests of heavenly glory. If Christ be ours, all things are ours; mercy, grace, peace, wisdom,

righteousness, strength and victory, life and death, angels and men, earth and heaven, are ours; and all things shall, in one way or other, be rendered subservient to our eternal good. We are not, however, as yet made complete conquerors; and no true believer will abuse these truths, to the allowed indulgence of sloth or vain confidence. We are still called to put on and use our spiritual armor, and prepare for fresh conflicts, perhaps more trying than any which we have yet experienced: trusting, however, in God to lead us forth and support us, and to give us strength in every time of trouble, we may do valiantly, and tread down all our enemies; and we shall, ere long, obtain the conqueror's crown. But vain is the help or salvation of man or of creatures, even far more in things spiritual and eternal than in our temporal concerns: so that those who trust and pray to saints and angels, and expect salvation from them, will be overcome by the enemy, and will finally perish. But our Mediator, through whom we come to the Father, and trust in him, is "Immanuel, God over all, blessed for evermore;" and believers, when strong in faith, can do all things through Christ that strengthens them. The Church also, over which oppressors have so often exulted, as if the Lord had cast her off, shall speedily triumph over them all; and while those who willingly submit to our anointed King shall share his glories, all his foes shall be put under his feet.

Scott.

There are four degrees in men's experience of trouble. The lowest, and most pitiable, is that in which trouble

overwhelms a man; in which he is carried away by the force and swell of its waves, as a leaf is borne down the current of a rushing river. The second degree is that in which the man's troubles are about him like deep waters, but do not quite overpower him. He is just able to stand, and to keep his head above the waves. This is better than the first, but is the lowest of all that deserves the name of good. The third degree is that in which the man's heart is like a room where the father sits with his family, while the storm roars without. The floods beat against the windows; the wind whistles and moans at every crevice: but he heeds it not; for the fire burns brightly, and his wife and children sit smiling in its glow. Here the man has so far conquered his trials that he has peace within. The fourth and highest degree is that in which the man's troubles have become luminous to him; in which he is victorious over them, and makes them yield him strength and joy. And it is God's design, in wrestling with men, to bring them to this state, in which their griefs shall be the food of ecstasy and the wine of triumph.

H. W. Beecher.

Christian Warfare.

Soldier, go; but not to claim
  Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure;
Not to build a vaunting name;
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure.

Dream not that the way is smooth;
Hope not that the thorns are roses;
Turn no wishful eye of youth
Where the sunny beam reposes:
Thou hast sterner work to do, —
Hosts to cut thy passage through;
Close behind thee gulfs are burning:
Forward! there is no returning.

Soldier, rest; but not for thee
Spreads the world her downy pillow;
On the rock thy couch must be,
While around thee chafes the billow:
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
Wearier than another's waking;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
Brooks no moment of forsaking;
Sleep as on the battle-field, —
Girded, grasping sword and shield:
Foes thou canst not name or number
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise; the war is done;
See, the hosts of hell are flying!
'Twas thy Lord the battle won:
Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream, — before thee lies
All the conquered land of glory:
Hark! what songs of rapture rise!
These proclaim the victor's story.

Soldier, lay thy weapons down;
Quit the sword and take the crown:
Triumph! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

Active Duty.

Arise, ye lingering saints, arise!
Remember that the might of grace,
When guilty slumbers sealed your eyes,
Awakened you to run the race:
And let not darkness round you fall,
But harken to the Saviour's call.
Arise!

Arise! because the night of sin
Must flee before the light of day:
God's glorious gospel, shining in,
Must chase the midnight gloom away.
You can not true disciples be
If you still walk in vanity.
Arise!

Arise! because our serpent-foe,
Unwearied, strives by day and night:
Remember, time is short below,
And wrestles on with hellish might.
Then boldly grasp both sword and shield,—
Who slumbers on the battle-field?
Arise!

Arise! before that hour unknown,—
The hour of death that comes ere long,
And comes not to the weak alone,
But to the mighty and the strong.
Belovèd, oft in spirit dwell
Upon the hour that none can tell.
Arise!

Hymns of the Ages.

The Good Fight.

I came and saw, and hoped to conquer,
As the great Roman once had done:
His was the one hour's torrent shock of battle;
My field was harder to be won.

I came and saw, but did not conquer;
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong:
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer;
For me the fight was sore and long.

They said the war was brief and easy,—
A word, a look, would crush the throng:
To some it may have been a moment's conflict;
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster;
To brave men they could work no wrong:
So some may boast of swift and easy battle;
To me it has been sore and long.

And yet I know that I *shall* conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be;
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him who won the fight for me.

I fight, not fearful of the issue;
My victory is sure and near;
Yet not the less, with hand and eye all watchful,
Grasp I my buckler and my spear.

For I must fight if I would conquer;
'Tis not by flight that fields are won:
And I must conquer if I would inherit
The victor's joy and crown and throne.

Bonar.

Courage.

Stand but your ground, your ghostly foes will fly;
Hell trembles at a heaven-directed eye:
Choose rather to defend than to assail;
Self-confidence will in the conflict fail.
When you are challenged, you may dangers meet,—
True courage is a fixed, not sudden heat,
Is always humble, lives in self-distrust,
And will itself into no danger thrust.
Devote yourself to God, and you will find
God fights the battles of a will resigned.
Love Jesus! Love will no base fear endure;
Love Jesus, and of conquest rest secure.

Bishop Kerr.

The Boom.

HUDD. SC.

The Bow.

But his Bow abode in strength. — Gen. 49 : 24.

IT would seem that the most ancient offensive or defensive arms were also those which are the most universal; because that simplicity of construction which leads to early invention, leads also to independent discovery among different and unconnected nations. This applies to the bow, which we find to have been extensively diffused. It exists among nations the most brutal or ignorant or savage, and even in the islands which lie most remote from the continent; although, indeed, there have been some nations among whom no trace of its existence can be discovered.

The ancient bows were, for the most part, of wood; but we sometimes read of horn being employed. Those of wood were tipped with horn; and those of horn, often gold or silver. Indeed the bow was sometimes wholly of metal, — as steel or brass; and such are mentioned in

Scripture (Job xx. 24; Ps. xviii. 34). These, of course, were, from their stiffness, bent with great difficulty; thus David, in the last-cited text, properly mentions it as a proof of the extraordinary strength with which the Lord had endowed him, that a bow of steel was broken by his arms. Thus, on account of the force required to bend some ancient bows, whether of wood, metal, or horn, it was often proposed, as a trial of strength, to bend some particular bow; and we find ancient heroes glorying in the possession and use of a bow which no one could bend but themselves.

The bow-string was, among the ancients, formed of leather thongs, horse-hair, or the sinews of oxen. The arrows were usually of reed or light wood, headed with bone, ivory, sharp stone, brass or iron. They were sometimes simply pointed, but oftener barbed, or leaf-shaped, like a spear-head. Arrow-heads of bronze have been found in Egypt, triangular, in the shape of an elongated cone, with a barb at each angle. The horrible practice of poisoning the points of arrows, which now exists among many barbarous nations, is very ancient.

It is thought that St. Paul alludes to such poisoned weapons when he exhorts the Ephesians to take "the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." But more probably the allusion is to another use of arrows; which was, to fasten combustibles to them, and so send fire against the enemy, or among the dwellings of a besieged place, or the works and engines of a besieging army.

Arrows were usually feathered; generally with the wing-feather of a goose, or other large bird: hence, and with

reference to their swiftness, there was a two-fold propriety in the poetical epithet of "winged," so often applied to these destructive missiles.

The arrows were kept in a quiver; which was generally either round or obeliscal, and wider at the open than at the closed end, as the feathered ends of the arrow, which were uppermost, required more room than the points. It was slung to the back; so that the archer, by putting his hand over the right shoulder, could easily take them out as wanted. The quiver seems to have been closed by a lid, or overlooping flap of skin, when no immediate occasion for the arrow was contemplated. The bow also had its case, in which it was kept under similar circumstances. It was usually of leather or cloth, and was commonly suspended from the girdle. Kitto.

The examples in our engraving are taken from the nation which, of all others, made the most deadly use of the bow, — the Romans.

Divine Strength.

The Christian's strength lies in the Lord, not in himself. The strength of the general, in other hosts, lies in his troops: he flies, as a great commander once said to his soldiers, upon their wings; if their feathers be clipped, their power broken, he is lost. But, in the army of saints,

the strength of every saint — yea, of the whole host of saints — lies in the Lord of hosts. God can overcome his enemies without their hands; but they can not so much as defend themselves without his arm.

Gurnall.

It is but too common for the Lord's people to be indulging needless fears, like David, when he said, "I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul." But surely such discern the rebuke which our Lord gave to Peter, — "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" If thou doubtest the Lord's willingness to serve thee, say, wherefore did he die for thee, even for the chief of sinners? If thou callest in question his power, what is there in thy case that can baffle Omnipotence? If thou art discouraged on account of thy weakness, know that the weaker thou art in thyself, the stronger thou shalt be in him, and that he will perfect his own strength in thy weakness. If thou fearest on account of the strength and number of thy enemies, he meets thy fears with this salutary admonition: "Say ye not, A confederacy, to all them to whom this people shall say, A confederacy; neither fear ye their fear, nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself, and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread." Only trust in him: and, though weak, he will strengthen thee; though faint, he will revive thee; though wounded, he will heal thee; though captive, he will liberate thee; though slain, he will raise thee up again, and give thee the victory over all thine enemies. "Be strong," then, "and very courageous;" abhor the thought of indulging

a cowardly spirit as long as "God's throne is in heaven;" and assure yourselves with David, that, though your enemies encompass you as bees, in the name of the Lord you shall destroy them. Simeon.

A man is not a man when he is created, — he is only begun. His manhood must come with years. A man who goes through life prosperous, and comes to his grave without a wrinkle, is not half a man. In time of war, whom does the general select for some hazardous enterprise? He looks over his men, and chooses the soldier who he knows will not flinch at danger, but will go bravely through whatever is allotted to him. He calls him that he may receive his orders; and the officer, blushing with pleasure to be thus chosen, hastens away to execute them. Difficulties are God's errands; and, when we are sent upon them, we should esteem it as a proof of God's confidence, — as a compliment from God. The traveler who goes round the world prepares himself to pass through all latitudes, and to meet all changes. So a man must be willing to take life as it comes; to mount the hill when the hill swells, and to go down the hill when the hill lowers; to walk the plain when it stretches before him, and to ford the river when it rolls over the plain. "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Beecher.

Stand Firm.

There are moments when Life's shadows
Fall all darkly on the soul,
Hiding stars of hope behind them
In a black, impervious scroll;
When we walk with trembling footsteps,
Scarcely knowing how or where
The dim paths we tread are leading,
In our midnight of despair!

Stand we firm in that dread moment, —
Stand we firm, nor shrink away;
Looking boldly through the darkness,
Wait the coming of the day;
Gathering strength, while we are waiting,
For the conflict yet to come:
Fear not, fail not, light will lead us
Yet in safety to our home.

Firmly stand, though sirens lure us;
Firmly stand, though Falsehood rail:
Holding Justice, Truth, and Mercy,
Die we may, but can not fail.
Fail! — it is the word of cowards;
Fail! — the language of the slave:
Firmly stand, till Duty beckons;
Onward then, e'en to the grave.

Psalms of Life.

Life and Death.

"What is Life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail;
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail;
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not day nor night;
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is Death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er;
The angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more;
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease,
Takes the banner and spear from our failing hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

"Let me die, father! I tremble and fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"
"The crown must be won for heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life.
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small:
The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"

A. A. Procter.

Be Strong.

Be strong to *hope*, O heart!
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, O heart of mine!
Look toward the light!

Be strong to *bear*, O heart!
Nothing is vain:
Strive not; for life is care,
And God sends pain:
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to *love*, O heart!
Love knows not wrong:
Didst thou love creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

Divine Strength.

Up to those bright and gladsome hills,
Whence flow my weal and mirth,
I look, and sigh for Him who fills,
Unseen, both heaven and earth.

He is alone my help and hope,
That I shall not be moved;
His watchful eye is ever ope,
And guardeth his beloved.

The glorious God is my whole stay;
He is my sun and shade:
The cold by night, the heat by day,
Neither shall me invade.

He keeps me from the spite of foes;
Doth all their plots control;
And is a shield, not reckoning those,
Unto my very soul.

Whether abroad, amidst the crowd,
Or else within my door,
He is my pillar and my cloud,
Now and for evermore.

Henry Vaughan.

Our Hope is in Thee.

We will not weep; for God is standing by us,
And tears will blind us to the blessed sight:
We will not doubt; if darkness still doth try us,
Our souls have promise of serenest light.

We will not faint if heavy burdens bind us;
They press no harder than our souls can bear:
The thorniest way is lying still behind us:
We shall be braver for the past despair.

Oh, not in doubt shall be our journey's ending;
Sin, with its fears, shall leave us at the last:
All its best hopes in glad fulfillment blending,
Life shall be with us still when death is past.

Help us, O Father! when the world is pressing
On our frail hearts, that faint without their friend:
Help us, O Father! let thy constant blessing
Strengthen our weakness till the joyful end.

W. Hurlbut.

The Unseen Battle-Field.

There is an unseen battle-field
In every human breast,
Where two opposing forces meet,
But where they seldom rest.

The field is veiled from mortal sight;
'Tis only seen by One,
Who knows alone where victory lies
When each day's fight is done.

One army clusters strong and fierce;
  Their chief of demon form:
His brow is like the thunder-cloud;
  His voice, the bursting storm;

His captains, Pride and Lust and Hate,
  Whose troops watch night and day,
Swift to detect the weakest point,
  And thirsting for the fray.

Contending with this mighty force
  Is but a little band;
Yet there, with an unyielding front,
  Those warriors firmly stand.

Their leader is a Godlike form,
  Of countenance serene;
And glowing on his naked breast
  A simple cross is seen.

His captains — Faith and Hope and Love —
  Point to a wondrous sign;
And, gazing at it, all receive
  Strength from a source divine.

They feel it speaks a glorious truth, —
  A truth as great as sure, —
That, to be victors, they must learn
  To love, confide, endure.

That faith sublime, in wildest strife,
Imparts a holy calm;
In every deadly blow a shield,
For every wound a balm.

And, when they win that battle-field,
Past toil is quite forgot:
The plain where carnage once had reigned
Becomes a hallowed spot, —

A spot where flowers of joy and peace
Spring from the fertile sod,
And breathe the perfume of their praise
On every breeze to God.

Be Firm and be Faithful.

Be firm and be faithful; desert not the right;
The brave become bolder the darker the night!
Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail;
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail!

If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross!
God watches above thee, and he will requite:
Stand firm and be faithful; desert not the right!

Psalms of Life.

Greaves and Sandals.

Greaves and Sandals.

And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.—Eph. 6 : 15.

GREAVES were a kind of boots without feet, for the defense of the legs, made either of bull's hide or of metal, generally brass or copper. The ancient greave usually terminated at the ankle, and rose in front nearly to the top of the knee. It was open behind; but the opposite edges, at the open part, nearly met when the greave was buckled, buttoned, or tied to the leg. There were some kinds that did not reach so high as the knee. This piece of armor was useful, not only in combat, but for the purpose of guarding the legs against the impediments, such as iron spikes, &c., which the enemy strewed in the way, as well as to enable the warrior to make his way more easily among briers and thorns. It appears, from ancient sculpture, that greaves, with the open part in front, and defending the calf rather than the

shin, were sometimes in use. Sometimes a greave was worn on one leg only, and that was the left; that leg, and indeed the left side generally, being advanced in action on account of the buckler, which was borne on the left arm.

Military sandals, or boots, are classed with armor. If, with some commentators, we suppose the reference, "Your feet shod," &c. (Eph. vi. 15), is to firmness of standing, as in the base or foundation of an edifice, the apostle may well be imagined to have had in view those military caligas which were furnished with spikes, to enable those that wore them to stand firm and unmoved. Or if, with others, the allusion is supposed to be merely to the defense of the feet from the roughness of the way, and from the designs of enemies, who were wont to throw caltrops into the field, and to set spikes in the ground, to impede the march and wound the feet of the soldiers, — then we may well conclude the text to bear reference to the boots, greaves, or sandals, which, to defend the feet from such annoyances, were composed of, or furnished with, brass, iron, or other metals.

The same Hebrew word *naal* (Ruth iv. 8) denotes both a sandal and a shoe; more generally, doubtless, the former than the latter, although always rendered shoe in our version of the Old Testament, in which the word "sandal" does not once occur. It must indeed generally be left to the context to determine which is intended; and this the context does not often enable us to say. It is very likely, however, that shoes, properly so called, were in use before this time; for it is probable we are to understand, from the mention of "rams' skins dyed red," in the books of

Moses (Exod. xxv. 5), that the Hebrews had the art of preparing and coloring leather. If so, shoes were more probably confined to the more comfortable classes of the people; for not only were sandals of the earliest date, but, so far as covering for the feet were employed at all, continued in general use for ages after the invention of shoes. Indeed, down to the present time, shoes have by no means superseded sandals in the East. When men first thought of some contrivance to defend their feet from being cut with sharp stones, or injured by cold, or scorched by the hot sand, they fastened to the bottom of their feet soles of bark, wood, raw-hide, and ultimately tanned leather, by means of straps or thongs variously disposed; but most generally by two, one of which was joined to the sole at the heel or hollow of the foot, and, after passing round the ankle, had fastened to it another which passed between the great and the second toe.

The progressive history of the sandal would be better illustrated by cuts than by written explanation. (See *Pictorial Bible*, Ruth iv. 8.) From these it will be seen that it ultimately became an elaborate and ornamental article, with a more complete sole, bound to the foot and leg with lacings in multiplied convolutions, and sometimes decorated with costly ornaments of various kinds. Attention to the sandals became a foppery in the end; and we see that Philopœmen, in recommending soldiers to give more attention to their warlike accouterments than to their common dress, advises them to be less nice about their shoes and sandals, and more careful in observing that their greaves were kept bright, and fitted well to their legs (Polybius 11). The Jewish ladies seem to have been

very particular about their sandals, if we may judge from what is said of the bride in Sol. Song vii. 1, — "How beautiful are thy feet with sandals, O prince's daughter!" And in the instance of Judith, in the Apocrypha, we observe that it was not so much the general splendor of her attire, her rich bracelets, rings, and necklaces, that attracted most strongly the attention of the fierce Holofernes; but it was "her sandals" that "ravished his eyes" (Jud. xvi. 9). Kitto.

Our engraving shows the commonest forms of greaves and sandals. The former is worn by a Greek, the latter by a Roman.

Preparation of the Gospel.

What is meant by "the preparation of the gospel of peace," with which the Christian's feet are to be shod? Or what grace doth this preparation with which we are to be shod signify? And why called the preparation of the gospel of peace? Now, what this preparation is will best appear by considering the part it is designed for, — and that is the foot, the only member in the body to be shod; and the piece of armor it is compared to, — and that is the soldier's shoe, which, if right, is to be of the strongest make, being not so much intended for finery as for defense; and that so necessary, that, for want of it alone, the soldier, in some cases, is disabled for service; as when he is called to march far on hard ways, and those, may be, strewed with stones. How long will he go, if

not shod, without wounding or foundering? Or if the way be good, but the weather bad, and his feet not fenced from wet and cold, they are not so far from the head but the cold got in them may strike up to that; yea, bring a disease on the whole body which will keep him on his bed when he should be in the field. As many almost are surfeited, as slain in armies. Now, what the foot is to the body, that the will is to the soul. The foot carries the whole body, and the will the soul; yea, the whole man, body and soul also. We go whither our will sends us. And what the shoe is to the foot, that preparation, or, if you please, a readiness and alacrity, is to the will. The man whose feet are well shod fears no ways, but goes through thick and thin. Foul or fair, stones or straws, are alike to him that is well shod; while the barefooted man, or slenderly-shod, shrinks when he feels the wet, and shrieks when he lights on a sharp stone. Thus, when the will and heart of a man is prompt, and ready to do any work, the man is, as it were, shod and armed against all trouble and difficulty which he is to go over in the doing of it.

An unprepared heart, that is not well satisfied with its work or condition, hangs back; and though it may be brought to submit to it with much ado, yet it is but as a foundered horse on a stony way, who goes in every step, and would oft be turning out of the way if bit and whip did not keep him in.

Why is it called the preparation of the gospel of peace? Because the gospel of peace is the great instrument by which God works the will and heart of man into this readiness and preparation to do or suffer what he calls to.

It brings the joyful tidings of peace concluded betwixt

God and man by the blood of Jesus; and this is so welcome to the trembling conscience of poor sinners, who before melted away their sorrowful days in a fearful looking-for of judgment and fiery indignation from the Lord to devour them as his adversaries, that no sooner the report of a peace concluded betwixt God and them sounds in their ears by the preaching of the gospel, and is certainly confirmed to be true in their own consciences by the Spirit who is sent from heaven to seal it to them and give them some sweet gust of it, by shedding abroad the sense of it in their souls, but instantly there appears a new life in them, that they who before were so fearful and shy of every petty trouble as to start and boggle at the thought of it, knowing it could bring no good news to them, are now "shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace," able to go out smilingly to meet the greatest sufferings that are, or can be, on the way towards them, and say undauntedly to them, as Christ did to those that came with swords and staves to attack him, "Whom seek ye?" "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God," saith the apostle (Rom. v. 1). Gurnall.

The apostle exhorts the Ephesians to have their "feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace" (Eph. vi. 15); that is, to have a prepared and resolved frame of heart, which the gospel teaches and works, and which, like leg or foot harness, would enable them to walk with a steady pace in the ways of religion, notwithstanding the hardships, dangers, and difficulties that attend it.

Cruden.

Sow beside all Waters.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."

Sow ye beside all waters,
Where the dew of heaven may fall:
Ye shall reap, if ye be not weary;
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee:
One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be.
Sow ye beside all waters,
With a blessing and a prayer;
Name Him whose hand upholds us,
And sow thou everywhere.

Sow, though the rock repel thee,
In its cold and sterile pride;
Some cleft there may be riven
Where the little seed may hide.
Fear not, for some will flourish;
And, though the tares abound,
Like the willows by the waters
Will the ripened grain be found.
Work while the daylight lasteth,
Ere the shades of night come on,
Ere the Lord of the vineyard cometh,
And the laborer's work is done.

Work in the wild, waste places,
Though none thy love may own;

God guides the down of the thistle
The wandering wind hath sown.
Will Jesus chide thy weakness,
Or call thy labor vain?
The word that for him thou bearest
Shall return to him again.
On! with thy heart in heaven,
Thy strength in the Master's might,
Till the wild, waste places blossom
In the warmth of a Saviour's light.

Watch not the clouds above thee,—
Let the whirlwind round thee sweep;
God may the seed-time give thee;
But another's hand may reap.
Have faith, though ne'er beholding
The seed burst from the tomb:
Thou knowest not what may perish,
Or what be spared to bloom.
Room on the narrowest ridges
The ripened grain will find,
That the Lord of the harvest, coming,
In the harvest-sheaves may bind.

The Starless Crown.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."
DAN. xii. 3.

Wearied and worn with earthly cares, I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose:

I thought, whilst slumbering on my couch, in midnight's solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled my room.
A gentle touch awakened me, — a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper; follow me!" and through the air we fled.
We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed,
And heavenly glory, calm and pure, across our pathway streamed.
Still on we went; my soul was rapt in silent ecstasy:
I wondered what the end would be, what next would meet mine eye.
I knew not how we journeyed through the pathless fields of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought, and I was clothed in white!
We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold;
We passed through gates of glittering pearl, o'er streets of purest gold:
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night;
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb himself its light.
Bright angels paced the shining streets, sweet music filled the air,
And white-robed saints, with glittering crowns, from every clime, were there:
And some that I had loved on earth stood with them round the throne;
"All worthy is the Lamb," they sang; "the glory his alone."

But fairer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And, as I gazed, he smiled on me with wondrous love and grace.
Lowly I bowed before his throne, o'erjoyed that I, at last,
Had gained the object of my hopes, — that earth at length was past.
And then in solemn tones he said, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a gem?
I know thou hast believed in me, and life through me is thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown should shine?
Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every brow;
For every soul they led to me they wear a jewel now:
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy deed, —
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace to lead.
I did not mean that thou shouldst tread the way of life alone,
But that the clear and shining light which round thy footsteps shone
Should guide some other weary feet to my bright home of rest;
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been blest."
The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake;
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I feared to break;

And when at last I gazed around, in morning's glimmering light,
My spirit felt o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful might.
I rose, and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below;
That yet another hour was mine, my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help to lead some weary soul to seek a home above.
And now, while on this earth I stay, my motto this shall be, —
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul this word of truth divine, —
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars shall shine."

Semper Paratus.

O Christian! learn, throughout life's transient day,
There is a special work marked out for you:
It may be of the lowliest kind; it may
Be such as shall the loftiest powers display:
But none besides yourself your work can do.

Then bend in meekness at your Saviour's throne,
And seek to learn the purpose of his grace:
Ask Him, who has so oft your duty shown,
To point you out the work that is your own,
And tell you where to find your proper place.

"What wilt thou have me do?" With single eye
To your Redeemer's glory, work for him:
Illumined every moment from on high,
Strive in each action God to glorify,
Nor let one thought of self life's radiance dim.

Work, work, nor covet an ignoble rest;
Allow no sloth thy spirit to beguile:
Those love the Saviour most who serve him best;
And he who blesses others is most blest
With the full sunshine of his Saviour's smile.

Joy.

Joy for the precious seed that springs
In fields which God, the Lord, has blessed;
Joy for the sower where he sings
On the bright hills of heavenly rest.

Joy for the fields where men have strewed,
In faith and love, salvation's leaves;
Joy for the reaper, safe with God,
And honored with his ripened sheaves.

Joy for the Saviour! Sin o'erthrown,
At last, no more fierce fight shall wage;
Joy for Immanuel! Wear thy crown,
Immortal Prince, from age to age.

The Banner.

The Banner.

In the name of our God we will set up our Banners. — Psalm 20 : 5.

THE invention of standards is attributed by ancient authors to the Egyptians; and this with great probability, as they had the earliest organized military force of which we have any knowledge. We may therefore feel tolerably certain that the Hebrews had the idea of at least the use of ensigns from the Egyptians; for it is not at all likely that the small body of men which originally went down into Egypt had any such articles, or any occasion for them. Diodorus informs us that the Egyptian standards consisted of the figure of an animal at the end of a spear. Among the Egyptian sculptures and paintings, there also appear other standards, which either resemble, at top, a round-headed table-knife or an expanded semicircular fan. These latter are attributed to the Greco-Egyptians; but we are unable to find any satisfactory data to show that they were other than varieties of most ancient Egyptian standards. The early Greeks

employed for a standard a piece of armor at the end of a spear; but Homer makes Agamemnon use a purple veil with which to rally his men. The Athenians afterwards, in the natural progress which we observe in the history of ensigns, adopted the olive and the owl; and the other Greek nations also displayed the effigies of their tutelary gods, or their particular symbols, at the end of a spear. Some of them had simply the initial letter of their national name. The ancient Persian standard is variously described. It seems properly to have been a golden eagle at the end of a spear, fixed upon a carriage. They also employed the figure of the sun; at least on great occasions, when the king was present with his forces.

It remains to ask, To which of all the classes of ensigns that of the Hebrews approached the nearest? We readily confess that we do not know; but the rabbins, who profess to know every thing, are very particular in their information upon the subject. They leave out of view the ensigns which distinguished the subdivisions of a tribe, and confine their attention to the tribe standards; and in this it will be well to follow their example. They by no means agree among themselves; but the view which they most generally entertain is illustrated by the cut prefixed to this chapter (Pictorial Bible, Num. 2), which is in accordance with the prevailing notion among the Jewish interpreters. They suppose that the standards were flags, bearing figures derived from the comparisons used by Jacob in his final prophetic blessing upon his sons.

The Targumists, however, believe that the banners were distinguished by their colors, — the color for each tribe being analogous to that of the precious stone for that

tribe in the breastplate of the high-priest; and that the great standard of each of the four camps combined the three colors of the tribes which composed it. They add, that the names of the tribes appeared on the standards, together with a particular sentence from the law; and were, moreover, charged with appropriate representations, — as, the lion for Judah, &c. Aben-Ezra and other rabbins agree with the Targumists in other respects, but put in other representations than the latter assign.

Lastly, the cabalists have an opinion that the bearings of the twelve standards corresponded with the months of the year and the signs of the zodiac, the supposed characters of the latter being represented thereon; and that the distinction of the great standards was, that they bore the cardinal signs of Aries, Cancer, Libra, and Capricorn, and were also charged each with one letter of the tetragrammaton, or quadrilateral name of God. Thus much for rabbinical interpretation. Most modern expositors seem to incline to the opinion that the ensigns were flags, distinguished by their colors or by the name of the tribe to which each belonged. Kitto.

In the engraving, the artist, rejecting the allegorical and idolatrous forms of standard, has confined himself to the display of a simple "ensign for the people." An Egyptian officer is seen "lifting up a banner against the enemy."

Love, the Christian's Banner.

The saints are compared to soldiers. In the day of power, they are enlisted under Jesus' banner; brought into the bond of his covenant; clothed with the livery of his righteousness, his implanted grace, and of an holy conversation; and armed with the whole armor of God. It is theirs to distinguish themselves from others; to moderate their affections and care about worldly things; to cease from their former legal and sinful labors; and, with singleness of heart, with prudence, patience, submission, courage, care, and activity, to follow the Captain of their salvation in their respective stations; to know his word; without hesitation, obey his command; endure hardship; espy the stratagems, watch the motions, of spiritual enemies; improve every advantage against them; show no pity to any of them; but, by means of Jesus' death, believed with application, resist Satan; crucify and kill the body of sin, with its affections and lusts. Ye soldiers of the Lamb, be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might! Encourage yourselves in your Leader, in the certainty of your victory, and the reward of your warfare. Never desert your divine, your gracious Commander, nor his standard of truth. Never yield to a spiritual foe; resist the devil, and he will flee from you; resist unto blood, striving against sin; count not your life dear unto you, that you may finish your course with joy; fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life. Though your enemies be many, strong, and lively, there are more with you than with them. Stronger is he that

is in you than he that is in the world. Be then the day of war the season of my soul. Brown of Haddington.

Love is the greatest thing God can give us, for himself is love; and it is the greatest thing we can give to God, for it will also give ourselves, and carry with it all that is ours. The apostle calls it the bond of perfection. It is the old, and it is the new, and it is the great commandment, and it is all the commandments, for it is the fulfilling of the law. It does the work of all other graces, without any instrument but its own immediate virtue. For as the love to sin makes a man sin against all his own reason, and all the discourses of wisdom, and all the advices of his friends, and without temptation and without opportunity; so does the love of God,—it makes a man chaste without the laborious acts of fasting and exterior disciplines, temperate in the midst of feasts, and is active enough to choose it without any intermedial appetites, and reaches at glory through the very heart of grace without any other arms but those of love. It is a grace which loves God for himself, and our neighbors for God. The consideration of God's goodness and bounty, the experience of those profitable and excellent emanations from him, may be, and most commonly are, the first motive of our love; but when we are once entered, and have tasted the goodness of God, we love the spring for its own excellency; passing from passion to reason, from thanking to adoring, from sense to spirit, from considering ourselves to an union with God: and this is the image and little repre-

sentation of heaven. It is beatitude in picture, or rather the infancy and beginning of glory.

In the scrutinies for righteousness and judgment, when it is inquired whether such a man be a good person or no, the meaning is not, What does he believe? or, What does he hope? but, What he loves. Jeremy Taylor.

The Captain of Salvation.

Heb. ii. 10.

The Saviour leads his people on,
To combat and to conquest leads:
The soldiers and their Chief are one;
The fruit is theirs, and his the deeds.

His royal banner when he waves,
A shout is heard through all his host;
The arm is then displayed that saves, —
The arm in which his people boast.

They shrink not from the conflict then,
Though timid and though feeble too:
His people quit themselves like men;
With confidence they meet the foe.

His arm, they know, sufficient is,
Though foes unnumbered should appear;
They know the people that are his
May follow him, and nothing fear.

They smile at danger when they see
Their Chief advance to meet the foe;
A surer pledge of victory
His presence is than sword or bow.

At sight of him, opposing hosts
Are filled with terror and dismay;
His presence quells the loudest boasts;
By him his people win the day.

And when the mortal strife is past,
The peace and joy of heaven succeed;
'Tis peace that will for ever last;
'Tis joy unmixed, 'tis joy indeed.

Kelly.

Love.

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sin:
But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning
If I lacked any thing.

"A guest," I answered, "worthy to be here."
Love said, "You shall be he."
"I, the unkind, ungrateful? Ah! my dear,
I can not look on Thee."
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
"Who made the eyes but I?"

"Truth, Lord; but I have marred them: let my shame
Go where it doth deserve."
"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"
"My dear, then I will *serve*."
"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."
So I did sit and eat.

George Herbert.

Charity.

No outward mark we have to know
Who thine, O Christ! doth be,
Until a Christian love may show
Who appertains to thee.
For knowledge may be reached unto,
And formal justice gained;
But, till each other love we do,
Both faith and works are feigned.

Love is the sum of those commands
Which thou with thine didst leave;
And for a mark on them it stands,
Which never can deceive.
For when our knowledge folly turns,
When shows no show retain,
And zeal itself to nothing burns,—
Then love shall still remain.

George Wither.

The Lord my Banner.

Exod. xvii. 15.

Our banner is the eternal God,
  Nor will we yield to fear:
Among ten thousand fierce assaults,
  His mighty aid is near.

To him the hands of faith we stretch,
  And plead experienced grace;
To him the voice of prayer we raise;
  Nor will he hide his face.

No more, proud Amalek, thy boast,—
  "God's arm is feeble grown:"
His sword shall lop off every hand
  That dares insult his throne.

Awake, tremendous Judge! awake,
  Our nation's cause to plead;
Nor let thine Israel's foes, and thine,
  By wickedness succeed.

Our fainting hands, how soon they droop!
  But thou the weak canst raise;
And in the mount of prayer canst leave
  An altar to thy praise.

Doddridge.

My Beloved.

The eve was misty, pale, and chill;
My hearth was lonely, dim, and still:
I sat with Thought, a sullen guest,
That murmured only to unrest;
When at my heart, or at my door,
There came a knocking o'er and o'er,—
A gentle knock; but yet I heard,
And sat, and answered not a word.

The night grew dark, the wind was high;
Storms gathered in the midnight sky:
My light went out, and cold and gloom
Were deepening in my silent room.
There came a sound to make me start,—
'Twas at my door, or at my heart;
A voice with power to plead and win:
I could not choose but say, "Come in!"

With haste I rose, and raised the latch;
And lo! beneath the dripping thatch,
There stood, like to the sons of men,
A Form of grace, of heavenly mien.
Abashed, I spoke; he entered then,
And light broke on my hearth again.

I made him welcome; and my guest
More than a stranger stood confessed,—
A Friend who long had watched unknown,
And marked and chose me for his own.

He showed his lineage, proved his claim
To wear so high, so blest, a name:
He talked of what his love might be;
So pure, so deep, so strong, so free:
And, as he spoke, the perfumed air
Grew rich with odors sweet and rare.

He turned and gazed upon my face:
The look was tender, full of grace.
His deep eyes searched the depths of mine:
I could not speak or glance or sign.
He took my trembling hand in his,
And offered life and love and bliss,
And smiled to quiet all my fears:
I answered only by my tears.
He laid my head upon his breast,
And whispered, "This shall be thy rest!"
I uttered but one feeble prayer:
He drew me close, and held me there.
My fears were still, my tears were past,
And peace lay in my heart at last, —
A peace so deep, so strange, so true,
It wrought and colored all things new.

I listened for the tempest's sound:
The air breathed melody around.
I looked abroad: the morning shone
With glory morn had never known;
Earth glowed with beauty all divine, —
Such joy, such sweetness, now were mine.

My song broke forth, till vale and hill
Echoed my rapture's deepest thrill;
And heaven's glad choir caught up the strain,—
The chorus of a new refrain.

With my Beloved,—hand in hand,—
I trod, as 'twere, the shining land;
His yoke of beauty round me thrown,
As princes deck their fair, their own.
But He, the loveliest of the earth,
The crowned by right of kingly birth,
The chiefest of ten thousand,—He!
Why should he set his love on me?—
Poor, weak, unwise, by sin defiled;
In truth unlearned,—a simple child.

It pleased him by his sovereign right:
'Twas good, O Father! in thy sight.

E. L. E.

Onward, Christian.

Onward, Christian! though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone:
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee: press thou on.

Listen, Christian! their hosanna
Rolleth o'er thee,—"God is love."
Write upon thy red-cross banner,
"Upward ever,—heaven's above."

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won:
Tread it without shrinking, brother;
Jesus trod it: press thou on.

Be thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver:
Oh, for their sake, press thou on!

Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release!

Pray, thou Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son;
Pray the prayer of Jesus, — "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done."

S. Johnson.

Whom but Thee have we in heaven?
Whom have we on earth but thee?
Only thou to us be given:
All beside is vanity.
Grant us love; we ask no more;
Every other gift remove:
Pleasure, fame, and wealth, and power,
Still we all enjoy in love.

Charles Wesley.

All in All.

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
  Thou all-sufficient Love divine,
My help and refuge from my foes,
  Secure I am if thou art mine:
And lo! from sin and grief and shame
I hide me, Jesus, in thy name.

Thy mighty name Salvation is,
  And keeps my happy soul above;
Comfort it brings, and power, and peace,
  And joy, and everlasting love.
To me, with thy dear name, are given
Pardon and holiness and heaven.

Jesus, my all in all thou art,
  My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
The medicine of my broken heart,
  In war my peace, in loss my gain;
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
In shame, my glory and my crown;

In want, my plentiful supply;
  In weakness, my almighty power;
In bonds, my perfect liberty;
  My light in Satan's darkest hour;
In grief, my joy unspeakable;
My life in death, my heaven in hell.

Charles Wesley.

Artillery.

Artillery.

Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.—Eph. 6 : 18.

ARTILLERY is, originally, a French word, signifying archery. In a general sense, it denotes the offensive apparatus of war, particularly of the missile kind; and, in modern acceptation, is more immediately applied to fire-arms mounted on carriages and ready for action, with their balls, bombs, grenades, &c. In a more extensive meaning, the term includes the powder, matches, utensils of ordnance, the machines which facilitate their motion and transport them, the vehicles over which they traverse roads, every thing necessary to them, and all that enters into the form of a train of artillery. The same word, still further extended in its meaning, likewise comprehends the men destined for the service of the artillery, — the people who provide the artillery with materials and implements when engaged, the cannoniers, the bombardiers, the officers of every rank, and engineers of every kind.

By artillery is likewise understood the science which the officers of artillery ought to possess.

In the most ancient times, when war was made with quickness and impetuosity, the use of artillery was unknown. Something like military engines seem hinted at in the Book of Deuteronomy. "Thou shalt build bulwarks against the city that maketh war with thee, until it be subdued" (Deut. xx. 20). But the earliest precise mention of artillery is in the Second Book of Chronicles (2 Chron. xxvi. 15), where we are told that Uzziah, who began his reign eight hundred and nine years before the Christian era, "made, in Jerusalem, engines invented by cunning men, to be upon the towers and upon the bulwarks, to shoot arrows and great stones withal." This also is particularly mentioned by Josephus, who represents Uzziah's care of Jerusalem as towards the end of his reign.

Livy has supplied us with a curious inventory of the warlike engines which Scipio found among the stores of Carthage. There were no less than a hundred and twenty catapults of the larger size, and two hundred and eighty-one of the smaller; of the greater ballista, twenty-three; of the lesser, fifty-two; besides an innumerable quantity of scorpions of different sizes, arms, and missile weapons. Two years, however, previous to this, Marcellus had laid siege to Syracuse, a city proverbially fatal to the arms that attacked it. Archimedes was at that time resident in Syracuse; and at the earnest solicitation of Hiero, King of Sicily, exerted the powers of his mind in the invention of artillery and other warlike engines. Marcellus had brought with him an amazing engine, called *sambuca*, upon eight galleys, which the mathematician destroyed

by discharging single stones of enormous weight upon it, while it was a considerable distance from the walls. The chief instruments he used were ballista; a sort of crow lowered by a lever, which, hoisting the ships of the Romans by the prow, plunged them to the bottom of the sea; grapples, and scorpions. Rees's Cyclopedia.

The engraving represents a party of Roman soldiers, on the summit of a bulwark, engaged in casting stones by the aid of a huge catapulta.

Prayer.

We have now set before you the Christian in his armor, and he wants nothing to furnish him for the battle, or enable him for the victory, but the presence of his General to lead him on, and bring him honorably off again, by his wisdom; which that he may obtain, the apostle sets him to prayer, — "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." As if he had said, You have now, Christian, the armor of God; but take heed that you forget not to engage the God of this armor, by humble prayer, for your assistance, lest, for all this, you be worsted in the fight. He that gives you the arms can only teach you to use them, and enable you to overcome. I am not ignorant that some make prayer a piece of armor, and reckon it as a part of the panoply. It matters not much in what notion we handle it, whether as a distinct

piece of armor, or as a duty and means necessarily required to the use of our armor. The latter I shall follow, partly because it hath no piece of material armor allotted to it for a resemblance; as also, by the connection it hath with the whole discourse of the armor, it seems to be superadded as a general duty, influential upon all the pieces before named, and may be read with every piece: take the girdle of truth, praying with all prayer, &c.; having on the breastplate of righteousness, praying with all prayer, &c. The Christian's armor will rust, except it be furbished with the oil of prayer. What the key is to the watch, prayer is to our graces, — it winds them up, and sets them going.

Prayer, like Jonathan's bow (when duly qualified as to the person and act), never returns empty. Never was faithful prayer lost at sea. No merchant trades with such certainty as the praying saint. Some prayers, indeed, have a longer voyage than others; but then they come with a richer lading at last. In trading, he gets most by his commodity that can do without his money longest. So the Christian that can with the most patience stay for a return of prayer shall never be ashamed of his waiting. The promise insures an answer to his prayer (1 John iii. 22). Oh! who can express the powerful oratory of a believer's prayer? This little word "Father," lisped forth in prayer by a child of God, exceeds the eloquence of Demosthenes, Cicero, and all other famed orators. We read of taking heaven by force (Matt. xi. 12). If ever this may be said to be done, it is by prayer, saith Tertullian. We knock at heaven, and the merciful heart of God flies open, which we bring away with us. Gurnall.

There is no more distinct exhibition of the highest form of religious character than the habit of fervent and earnest prayer. It is connected with the most thorough conquest of that enslavement to sense which is the curse and degradation of man. It shows a mind living in the precincts of the world of light. It is a conquest over that indolence and brutal sluggishness which marks our debased enslavement to an infirm and earth-born body. The energetic prayer shows that the soul has caught at least a glimpse of the heavenly glory; breathed the pure air of a heavenly atmosphere; enjoyed communion with its divine Saviour; bursting, for a moment, its accursed bonds, and crying, "My soul thirsteth after God, in a dry and thirsty land where no water is."

Now, there is an innate sense of propriety and justice which would incline us to expect that God would put some signal mark of his approbation upon such a character, rather than upon a worldly and half-worldly character. We should expect to see him admit such a soul nearer to his presence; giving it more marks of his approbation, and showing that he feels, as we do, increasing sympathy with those who have increasing attachment to the objects and persons we most esteem. Some prayers are unseasoned wood on the altar, and unprepared incense in the censer: there is more smoke than fire, more simmering and smoldering than flame. There have been no pains to dry the wood and the frankincense; and hence so many perform the service at the altar unskillfully. "Let my prayer," said one who knew his privilege, — "let my prayer be set forth before Thee as incense, and the lifting-up of my hands as the evening sacrifice." There was something of

real value burning upon that altar. A precious life was there immolated; a lamb was consumed; the flame, like a spirit, lifted up the sacrifice, and carried it to God; the cloud of incense mounted, and bore its sweet odor to the skies. Kirk.

Soldier of Christ! with all thine other panoply, forget not the "*All prayer.*" It is that which keeps bright and shining the "whole armor of God." While yet out in the night of a dark world, whilst still bivouacking in an enemy's country, kindle thy watch-fires at the altar of incense. Thou must be Moses pleading on the mount, if thou wouldst be Joshua victorious in the world's daily battle. Confide thy cause to this waiting Redeemer. Thou canst not weary him with thine importunity. He delights in hearing. His Father is glorified in giving. The memorable Bethany utterance remains unaltered and unrepealed,—"I knew that thou hearest me always." He is still the "Prince that has power with God, and prevails." Still he promises and pleads; still he lives and loves.

To Prayer.

"In the morning will I direct my prayer to Thee."—Ps. v. 3.

To prayer, to prayer! for the morning breaks,
And earth in her Maker's smile awakes.
His light is on all below, above,—
The light of gladness and life and love:
Oh, then, in the breath of the early air,
Send upward the incense of grateful prayer.

To prayer! for the glorious sun is gone,
And the gathering darkness of night comes on:
Like a curtain from God's kind hand it flows,
To shade the couch where his children repose.
Then kneel while the watching stars are bright,
And give your last thoughts to the Guardian of night.

To prayer! for the day that God has blest
Comes tranquilly on with its welcome rest:
It speaks of creation's early bloom;
It speaks of the Prince who burst the tomb.
Then summon the spirit's exalted powers,
And devote to heaven the hallowed hours.

There are smiles and tears in the mother's eyes;
For her new-born infant beside her lies.
Oh hour of bliss! when the heart o'erflows
With rapture a mother only knows:
Let it gush forth in words of fervent prayer;
Let it swell up to heaven for the precious care.

There are smiles and tears in that gathering band,
When the heart is pledged with the trembling hand.
What trying thoughts in her bosom swell
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

Kneel down by the dying sinner's side,
And pray for his soul, through Him who died.
Large drops of anguish are thick on his brow:
Oh, what is earth and its pleasures now!

And what shall assuage his dark despair
But the penitent cry of humble prayer?

Kneel down at the couch of departing faith,
And hear the last words the believer saith.
He has bidden adieu to his earthly friends;
There is peace in his eye that upward bends;
There is peace in his calm, confiding air;
For his last thoughts are God's, his last words prayer.

The voice of prayer at the sable bier,—
A voice to sustain, to soothe, and to cheer;
It commends the spirit to God who gave;
It lifts the thoughts from the cold, dark grave;
It points to the glory where He shall reign
Who whispered, "Thy brother shall rise again."

The voice of prayer in the world of bliss!
But gladder, purer, than rose from this:
The ransomed shout to their glorious King,
Where no sorrow shades the soul as they sing;
But a sinless and joyous song they raise,
And their voice of prayer is eternal praise.

Awake, awake! and gird up thy strength
To join that holy band at length.
To Him who unceasing love displays,
Whom the powers of nature unceasingly praise,—
To him thy heart and thy life be given;
For a life of prayer is the life to heaven.

Ware.

Access to God.

Of what an easy, quick access,
My blessed Lord, art thou! how suddenly
May our requests thine ear invade!
To show that state dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made:
Thou canst no more not hear than thou canst die.

Of what supreme, almighty power,
Is thy great arm which spans the east and west,
And tacks the center to the sphere!
By it do all things live their measured hour:
We can not ask the thing which is not there
Blaming the shallowness of our request.

Of what unmeasurable love
Art thou possessed, who, when thou couldst not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse!
And, for our sakes, in person sin reprove;
That, by destroying that which tied thy purse,
Thou mightest make way for liberality.

Since, then, these three wait on thy throne,—
Ease, power, love,—I value prayer so,
That, were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go;
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

Ibid.

Similes.

Prayer, the Church's banquet, angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian's plummet sounding heaven and earth;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
Reversèd thunder, Christ's side-piercing spear,
The six-days' world transpiring in an hour,
A kind of tune which all things hear and fear;

Softness and peace and joy and love and bliss,
Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
The milky way, the bird of Paradise,
Church-bells beyond the stars heard, the soul's blood,
The land of spices, something understood.

Herbert.

Converse with God.

To offer prayer I never durst presume,
Did not dear Jesus' name my prayer perfume:
'Tis, O my God! for the loved Jesus' sake,
That, day by day, address to thee I make;
That sinful I dare thee my Father own,
With humble confidence approach thy throne.
Oh wondrous love! which gives us free recourse
To drink our fill at love's unbounded source;

Our sorrow to unbosom, and our need,
And a rich promise for each want to plead;
With heaven, while here below, to keep commerce;
Familiarly with Godhead to converse;
To intercede for blessings on mankind,
The pleasures of a charitable mind;
To beg all graces, deprecate all bane,
Heaven for ourselves and others to obtain;
Strong consolations, and Almighty aid
And wisdom, plots infernal to invade.

Thomas Kerr.

The Suppliant.

All night the lonely suppliant prayed,
All night his earnest crying made;
Till, standing by his side at morn,
The Tempter said in bitter scorn,
"Oh, peace! what profit do you gain
From empty words and babblings vain?
'Come, Lord,—oh, come!' you cry alway;
You pour your heart out night and day:
Yet still no murmur of reply;
No voice that answers, 'Here am I.'"

Then sank that stricken heart in dust;
That word had withered all its trust:
No strength retained it now to pray,
For Faith and Hope had fled away:
And ill that mourner now had fared,
Thus by the Tempter's art insnared,

But that at length beside his bed
His sorrowing angel stood, and said,
"Doth it repent thee of thy love,
That never now is heard above
Thy prayer; that now not any more
It knocks at heaven's gate as before?"

"I am cast out; I find no place,
No hearing, at the throne of grace:
'Come, Lord, — oh, come!' I cry alway;
I pour my heart out night and day:
Yet never until now have won
The answer, 'Here am I, my son!'"

"O dull of heart! inclosed doth lie,
In each 'Come, Lord,' a 'Here am I.'
Thy love, thy longing, are not thine,
Reflections of a light divine:
Thy very prayer to thee was given,
Itself a messenger of heaven.
Whom God rejects, they are not so;
Strong bands are round them in their woe;
Their hearts are bound with bands of brass
That sigh or crying can not pass.
All treasures did the Lord impart
To Pharaoh, save a contrite heart:
All other gifts unto his foes
He freely gives, nor grudging knows;
But love's sweet smart, and costly pain,
A treasure for his friends remain."

Trench.

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